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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Selections.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE LEEDS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

LAST evening, the annual meeting of this association was held at the Town Mission-room, Park row. The attendance, though not numerous, was highly respectable.

HAMILTON RICHARDSON, Esq., presided; and, after observations, called upon

WILSON ARMISTEAD, Esq., secretary, who read the third Annual Report—a long and interesting document. After reviewing the proceedings of the Society during the year ending in March last, and the unabated, heartfelt conviction of the Society that slavery is inherently sinful—"sinful in its origin, sinful in its continuance, sinful in its effects, and sinful eternally"—the Report proceeded:

"With jealous interest we have watched the proceedings of the American Board of Missions and Turkish Missions Aid Society, whose secretary or agent has been some time in this country collecting funds for that Society to send out Bibles and missionaries to foreign lands, whilst they have at home, in their very midst, three to four millions of slaves, their own fellow-mortals, to whom the Bible is by law forbidden. We must confess there appears to us, in this movement, a most gross and incomparable inconsistency; for whilst that Society are sending out Bibles and missionaries to enlighten the distant Turks, those neglected outcasts in their own country are sunk in the grossest darkness, heathenism and brutality, perishing for lack of knowledge, hardly any man caring for their souls.

"The Board of Missions have not scrupled to make what we conceive to be a highly sacrilegious use of the Scriptures, by perverting them to vindicate the position that the slaveholder—who holds his fellow-man in bondage—who robs him of the fruit of his toil—who denies to him the marriage rite, and withholds from him the Bible—that such an individual is *not unworthy* of being received into Christian communion, and of being recognised a member of the Church.

"We felt called upon at our public meeting to pass a strong resolution against such doctrine, as subversive of Christianity, and of fatal tendency to the souls of men wherever inculcated; and to bear a decided protest against the conduct of some of the American churches with regard to slavery. But where shall we find language to describe the guilt of those who uphold so gigantic a system of iniquity, embodying (in the words of John Wesley) 'the sum of all villanies'? and what shall we say of those ministers who rival the coarsest infidelity of the thirteenth century in defaming the Bible, by representing it to be the friend of menstealers and slavehunters?

"Deeply do we regret that the American Board of Missions or the Turkish Missions Aid Society, or any other religious organization, whilst holding a pro-slavery position, should be patronized in our own country; not that we would not rejoice in any good they might be the means of accomplishing, but because we feel assured that in such a course a great opportunity is lost of throwing into the scale of freedom, justice, and humanity, the weight and the influence of British Christianity.

"Whilst it is as true now as it was in the days of the wisest of men that 'on the side of the oppressor there is power,' it is a lamentable fact that there is no element by which the downtrodden and bleeding slave is held in durance vile so effectively as the ecclesiastical power. It has been justly said by an American divine that the American churches are the bulwarks of slavery. In other words, the greatest of American commentators says, 'The keys of the slave's dungeon are in the hands of the Church,' and he adds, 'there is no power *out* of the Church that could sustain slavery an hour, if it were not sustained *in* it.'

"Let the churches, then, and religious organizations of every kind, bring their mighty moral power fully to bear against the enormities of slavery, and the cause, instead of being impeded, if not retarded, will advance with renewed vigour, so that we may ere long hope to see the last slave stand unfettered and free. The foul blot on our religion would then soon be wiped away; slavery, with all the contaminating influences which are inseparable from it, would cease, only to be remembered as a barbarous institution of the past, never more to raise its fearful form to subjugate and demoralize mankind."

The Rev. N. S. GODFREY moved the adoption of the Report, a vote of thanks to the office-bearers for the past year, and the election of the officers and committee for the ensuing twelve months. He spoke in terms of congratulation of the efforts of the association, and trusted that they would go on without flagging in protesting against the iniquities of slavery (hear, hear).

The Rev. E. MATTHEWS, of Wisconsin, America, seconded the resolution in a long address, principally showing that the exertions, addresses, contributions, and protests of the people of England against slavery, had exercised a most powerful influence in the United States, and accomplished an amount of good which few persons not in the secret of American society could imagine. But, while this was going on, the pro-slavery party in the United States was sedulously endeavouring to entrap the religious element of this country into an alliance with the system of slavery, by obtaining their cooperation and subscriptions to missionary and other enterprises, which were set on foot by the pro-slavery party in America. These endeavours rendered it more and more necessary that the religious bodies of England should carefully guard themselves against being entrapped into anything which might be misrepresented as giving their countenance to the abominations of the system of American slavery.

The resolution having been carried,

Mr. WILSON ARMISTEAD read the following letter from Professor Scott, of Airedale College:

"AIREDALE COLLEGE, April 29th, 1856.

"MY DEAR SIR: Accept of thanks for your kindness in sending me a few extracts from the protest of some of the missionaries of the American Board against slavery. I have read them with great pleasure, and I pray God that the number of the protestors and the earnestness of their protestations may increase till the American Board is obliged to listen to their appeals, and comply with their request.

"I have always been very sorry that the 'Western Aid Missions Society' should have ever assumed that title, or connected itself with the American Board. Why should it have done so? It is rich enough to employ missionaries of its own; and if it had done so, perhaps it would have now been richer than it is. Certainly some have stood aloof from it because they see that it is indirectly supporting slavery. At the least, not regarding it with that strong disapprobation and even abhorrence with which it ought ever to be contemplated.

"One thing which I particularly regret is that so many excellent men, real determined opponents of slavery, should have connected themselves with the 'Aid Society'; for the conduct and character of its President, the Earl of Shaftesbury—to mention no other—for whom I feel a profound respect and even admiration, is, on account especially of his being 'ready to every good work,' an honour to the British peerage, to the nation at large, and to the religion of the Bible. O that all our aristocracy were like him, then there would be no fear of their being overthrown, or of its losing its hold on the respect of Britons, whatever political opinions may prevail.

"The Peerage, as well as the Throne, is 'established in righteousness.' But I must say with regard to the support which he and others whom I highly esteem, *Amicus Socrates, Amicus Plato, sed magis amica justitia*, give to the 'Aid Society,' I cannot help wondering at the view which they take of the subject in question.

"I am, therefore, very glad that the friends of the slave at Leeds contemplate holding a meeting, and adopting an address to meet the circular of the Turkish Aid Mission Society, and to encourage those missionaries who have protested against slavery in the churches with which they are connected.

"I hope this protest will induce some at least to pause and think before they join the Aid Society, and to show some of those who have joined it that they might easily choose 'a more excellent way.'

"Could I make my voice to be heard by those Christians and professors who in any way support slavery, or plead for its lawfulness, I would ask them if they could, by any force or perversity of imagination, associate Jesus Christ with slavery? If they can conceive of Him holding slaves, and working and treating them as if they were [brute] animals. Is it possible that He who came to preach the gospel to the poor would not hold in abomination laws which render it penal to teach a slave to read? That He who came to proclaim liberty to the captives would tolerate the very worst kind of captivity? And is it not our duty to imitate him in this respect as well as in others?

"Slavery is directly opposed to the great law of benevolence—'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself'; for self-love will always prevent men from devoting themselves to slavery.

"It is opposed to the example of Jesus Christ, for who can conceive it possible that He could ever, under any circumstances, have been a slaveholder?

"It is a concentration of inhumanity, injustice, and impiety, that any who know the religion of Jesus Christ, and profess to believe it, should advocate slavery, or in any way support it; and it is one of the greatest and most mysterious inconsistencies that the conduct of men presents. May God, in his mercy, soon bring it to a perpetual end.

"Yours, &c., WALTER SCOTT."

Mr. Armistead then read an address from the Leeds Anti-Slavery Association to the supporters of the Turkish Missions Aid Society, directed and sustained by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. The address explained frankly and powerfully the grounds upon which the Association conscientiously declined to aid the movement, arising from the connection of the mission with the American Board, and the consequent intimate relations which its supporters were sustaining to American slavery. The address concluded as follows:

"Abhorring slavery, we ask you to separate yourselves from this Board until it abandon all connection with the crying sin, and atone for the past by aiding to usher in the glorious triumph of Christian principle, by which the prison door shall be opened to them that are bound, every yoke broken, and all the oppressed go free."

WILLIAM SCHOLEFIELD, Esq., proposed the second resolution, as follows:

"That, feeling, as we do, that the countenance given by religious bodies to slavery in any way, especially by their alliance with slaveholding boards, not only impedes the progress of pure religion, but acts as a serious check to anti-slavery effort, we cordially unite in the friendly address to the 'Turkish Missions Aid Society,' which has now been read, urging upon the supporters of that Society the duty of clearing themselves from any connection with a slaveholding Board; and propose that this address be adopted by this meeting, and printed and circulated under the direction of the committee."

He most fully concurred in the address just read. This Association was not out of place in issuing such an address, when they saw that a protest had been presented from missionaries of the American Board of Foreign Missions against slavery, designating it as a "legalized abomination," and expressing their opinion that it was the duty of all Christians to labour for the abolition of slavery in the United States.

The Rev. W. HUDSWELL seconded the motion, and observed that he had taken much pains to ascertain the facts, *pro* and *con*, in regard to the American Board of Foreign Missions; and he had come to the conclusion that it was a pro-slavery Board (hear, hear). This was an irresistible conclusion, arrived at after careful inquiry and investigation. All the sophistry which had been used by Mr. Young failed to clear that gentleman, and those Christians in England who contributed towards the funds of the American Board of Missions, from the charge of sanctioning slavery (hear, hear). The Turkish missions were right *per se*; but those who wished to see that mission progress should turn their contributions into some other channel, and carry out their operations by an agency which was not contaminated by slavery (hear, hear).

The resolution was adopted unanimously; and the proceedings terminated about nine o'clock, with a vote of thanks to the Chairman for presiding, and to the Town Mission for the use of the room—proposed by JOSEPH LUPTON, Esq., and seconded by JOS. SHACKLETON, Esq.

A NORTHERN CLERGYMAN TARRED AND FEATHERED.

Editors of The Chicago Tribune.

FREE STATE HOTEL, Lawrence, May 7, 1856.

I WAS informed, this afternoon, that the Rev. Pardee Butler, a clergyman of the denomination of Kansas Deciples, who was put on a raft and sent down the Missouri River last Autumn, and who had recently been tarred and feathered in Atchison, had just arrived in Lawrence. I sent the subjoined note, and it elicited the reply annexed to it. [How long, oh North, how long will you submit to this cruel and cowardly Slave Power? *We*, out in Kansas, mean to subdue them. It's a free fight.]

J. R.

LAWRENCE, May 7.

REV. PARDEE BUTLER—*Dear Sir:* The friends of free speech in the free States, when the news of the outrage committed on your person is received in the North, will be anxious to read a reliable account of it. I shall endeavour to secure for your wrongs the attention of the people of the North. Respectfully, J. R.

LAWRENCE, May 7.

JAMES REDPATH, ESQ.—*Dear Sir:* I thank you for your offer, and take pleasure in complying with your request. I have already posted a statement of the case to the editor of the St. Louis *Democrat*, but as the Lawrence mail, it is said, is often intercepted or examined, it is probable that my letter may not reach him. I subjoin a copy of my letter to that journal.

One year ago, I came to Kansas and bought a claim on Sugar Creek, Atchison County.

On the 16th of August, the Border-Ruffians of the town of Atchison sent me down the Missouri River on a raft.

We parted under a mutual pledge—I, that if my life was spared, I would come back to Atchison; and they that if I did come back, they would hang me.

Faithful to my promise, in November last, I returned to Kansas with my family; visited Atchison in open day, announced myself on hand, and returned without molestation.

Kansas being yet sparsely settled, and having few meeting-houses, it was determined that Mrs. Butler should live on our claims with her brother's wife, while I should return to Illinois, and resume my labours as a preacher. I have been for a number of years in the employ of churches in the Counties of Brown and Adams, Illinois, a majority of whose members were, I suppose, born and reared in Kentucky.

April 30th, I returned to Kansas and crossed the Missouri at Atchison. I spoke to no one in town, save with two merchants of the place, with whom I had business transactions since my first arrival in the Territory. Having remained only a few minutes, I went to my buggy to resume my journey, when I was assaulted by Robert S. Kelley, junior editor of the *Squatter Sovereign*, and others, was dragged into a grocery, and there surrounded by a company of South Carolinians, who are reported to have been sent out by a Southern Emigrant Aid Society.

In this last mob, I noticed only two were citizens of Atchison or engaged in the former mob.

It is not reported that these emigrants from the Palmetto State seek out a claim and make for themselves a home; neither do they enter into any legitimate business. They very expressively describe themselves as having "come out to see Kansas through."

They yelled—"Kill him!" "Kill him!" "Hang the d—d Abolitionist!"

One of their number bustled up to me and demanded—"Have you a revolver?"

I replied—"No."

He handed me a pistol saying—"There, take that, and stand off ten steps and, G—d d—n you, I will blow you through in an instant!"

I replied—"I have no use for your weapon."

I afterwards heard them congratulating themselves in reference to this—that they had been honourable with me. The fellow was furious; but his companions dissuaded him from shooting me, saying they were going to hang me.

If I can picture to myself the look of a Cuban bloodhound, just ready with open jaws to seize a panting slave in a Florida swamp, then I imagine we have a correct daguerreotype of the expression worn by these emigrant representatives of the manly sentiment, high-toned courage and magnanimous feelings of South Carolina chivalry when first they scented—in their own imagination—the blood of a live Abolitionist."

"Hang him!" they yelled; "hang him! hang the d—d Abolitionist!"

They pinioned my arms behind me, obtained a rope, but were interrupted by the entrance of a stranger—a gentleman from Missouri, since ascertained to be General Tut, a lawyer of Buchanan County. He said:

"My friends, hear me. I am an old man, and it is right you should hear me. I was born in Virginia, and have lived many years in Missouri. I am a slaveholder, and desire Kansas to be made a slave State—if it can be done by honourable means. But you will destroy the cause you are seeking to build up. You have taken this man, who was peaceably passing through your streets and along the highway, doing no person any harm. We profess to be law and order men, and should be the last to commit violence. If this man has violated the law, let him be punished according to law; but for the sake of Missouri—for the sake of Kansas—for the sake of the Pro-Slavery cause do not act in this way."

They dragged me into another grocery and appointed a moderator. Kelly told *his* story.

I rose to my feet; and calmly, and in respectful language, began to tell mine. I was repeatedly jerked to my seat, and so roughly handled that I was compelled to desist.

My friend from Missouri again earnestly besought them to set me at liberty.

Kelley turned short on him and said—"Do you belong to Kansas?"

He replied—No; but I expect to live here in Atchison next Fall; and in this matter the interests of Missouri and Kansas are identical."

Mr. Lamb, a lawyer in Atchison, and Mr. Dickson, a merchant of the same place—both pro-slavery men—also united with General Tut in pleading that I might be set at liberty.

While these gentlemen were thus speaking, I heard my keepers mutter—"D—n you, if you don't hush up, we'll tar and feather you."

When Kelley saw how matters stood, he came forward and said—"He did not take Butler to have him hanged; only tarred and feathered." Yet in the other grocery they had said to the mob that "they should do as they pleased!" He dared not take the responsibility of taking my life; but when these unfortunate men, whose one-ideaism on the subject of slavery and Southern Rights has become insanity—when these irresponsible South Carolinians, sent out to be bull dogs and bloodhounds for Atchison and Stringfellow—when they could be used as tools to take my life, he was ready to do it.

Our gun-powder Moderator cut the discussion short by saying—It is moved that Butler be tarred and feathered and receive thirty-nine lashes.

A majority said "Aye;" though a number of voices said "No." The Moderator said "the affirmative has it."

I began to speculate how that sort of thing would work as far north as the latitude of Kansas. There was a good deal of whispering about the house. I saw dark, ominous and threatening looks in the crowd.

The Moderator again came forward, and in an altered voice, said:

"*It is moved that the last part of the sentence be rescinded.*"

It was rescinded.

I was given into the hands of my South Carolina overseers to be tarred and feathered. They muttered and growled at this issue of the matter. "By ——," said they, "if we had known it would have come out in this way, we would have let —— —— shoot Butler at the first. He would have done it quicker than a flash."

One little sharp-visaged, dark featured, black-eyed South Carolinian, as smart as a cricket, who seemed to be the leader of the gang, was particularly displeased. "D—n you," said he, "if I come all the way from South Carolina, and spent so much money to do things up in such milk and water style as this."

They stripped me naked to the waist, covered my body with tar, and then for the want of feathers, applied cotton wool. Having appointed a committee of three to certainly hang me the next time I should come to Atchison, they tossed my clothes into my buggy, put me therein, accompanied me to the suburbs of the town, and sent me naked out upon the prairie.

I adjusted my attire about me as best I could, and hastened to rejoin my wife and two little ones on the banks of the Stranger creek. It was rather a sorrowful meeting after so long a parting. Still, we were very thankful, that, under the blessing of a good Providence, it had fared no worse with us all.

The first mob that sent me down the Missouri river on a raft—always excepting Robert S. Kelley—were courteous gentlemen compared with the last one. When I was towed out into the middle of the stream, I do not remember to have heard a word spoken by the men on the shore. Their demeanour indicated that they felt themselves performing a painful duty, though perhaps they regarded it as a necessary one. This last mob, when they left me on the border of the town, shrieked and yelled like a pack of New Zealand cannibals. The first mob did not attempt to abridge my right of speech. In reply to all the hard and bitter things they said against me, they patiently heard me to the end. But these men who have come to introduce into Kansas that order of things that now exists in South Carolina, savagely gagged me into silence by rapping my face, choaking me, pulling my beard, jerking me violently to my seat, and exclaiming "D—n you, hold your tongue." All this was done while my arms *were pinioned behind me.*

Many will ask now, as they have asked already, what is the true and proper cause of all these troubles which I have had in Atchison. I have told the world already and can only repeat my own words. I have said: "The very head and front of my offending hath this extent, no more." I had spoken among my neighbours favourable for making Kansas a free State, and said, in the office of the *Squatter Sovereign*, I am a Free Soiler, and intend to vote for Kansas to be a free State. It is true that Kelley by an afterthought has added two new counts to his bill of indictment against me. The first is, that I went to the town of Atchison last August, talking abolitionism. I have not the the honour of being an Abolitionist. And second, that I spoke somehow or other improperly in the presence of slaves. All this is not only utterly false, but the charges are ex-post facto; for not a word was said of this the day they put me on the raft.

The New York *Tribune* publishes me as a Methodist preacher that was put on a raft for preaching abolitionism. I am a member of the denomination known as Disciples (Campbelites), and have never alluded to the subject of slavery in my preaching. I published a narrative of the whole affair in the Missouri *Democrat*, not one word of which has ever been denied, to the best of my knowledge, except this: I said I had heard that Kelley was born in Massachusetts. He says he was not born there; that he was born in Virginia. Robert S. Kelley, junior editor of the *Squatter Sovereign*, and GOVERNMENT PRINTER, shall be born just where he pleases.

Still, it will be regarded as mysterious and incredible that a man should receive such treatment for uttering such words as I report myself to have uttered. The matter is clear enough when the facts are understood that I will explain.

Prior to August 16, 1855, there was, properly speaking, no free State party organized in Atchison County—perhaps not in the whole Territory of Kansas. Free voters did not know their own strength, and all were disposed to be prudent—some were timid. Here in Atchison County we were determined that if the Border Ruffians were resolved to drive matters to a bloody issue, the responsibility of doing so should rest wholly with themselves. There are many Free Soilers in this County; brave men, who have no conscientious scruples to hinder them from arming themselves and preparing to repel force by force. The Border Ruffians sought, by a system of terrorism, so to intimidate Free Soilers as to prevent them from organizing a free State party, or even discussing the subject of slavery and freedom in Kansas. They carried this to such an extent of outrageous violence that it came to be currently reported that it was as much as a man's life was worth in the town of Atchison, to say—"I am a Free Soiler."

We deprecated violence and wished a peaceful discussion of the subject. It was therefore most fitting that a man whose profession forbade him to go armed should put to the test of actual experiment whether an American citizen of blameless life could be permitted to enjoy the right of free speech—the privilege of expressing views favourable to making Kansas a free State—such views being uttered without anything of angry, abusive or insulting language. It was for this purpose the above words were spoken and which has been the cause of all my troubles in Atchison.

If the Border Ruffians had permitted me to depart in peace, they would have been without the shadow of an excuse to mitigate its atrocity. But, whatever might have been the result, I had counted the cost and was prepared to abide the issue.

If there is any class of men that stand behind the curtains and pull the wires, we would respectfully represent to them that will do no good to urge these understrappers on to these deeds of violence and ruffianism. We are not of a class of men to utter childish complaints at any wrongs that we may suffer, *but we know our rights and we intend to have them.*

In conclusion, we would suggest to South Carolina that she had better send for her emigrants home again. They will do her cause more harm than good. However this way of doing work may do among the field hands of a rice plantation, it won't do here at all. We, in Kansas, are not made of metal to be worked in such a fire.

Respectfully, PARDEE BUTLER.

FROM A. BROOKE.

From The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

WHEN the letter of Mr. A. Harlan, defending the conduct of Judge McLean in reference to his slaveholding habits, appeared in *The Bugle*, I resolved to allow it to pass without reply from me, believing the facts, as published by a friend, and evidently by authority, if received as strictly true, were sufficient to satisfy all right-judging men of the true estimation in which they ought to regard him. Learning by private correspondence that Mr. Giddings and other friends of freedom believe I may have been deceived by Lucinda, and thereby induced to do Judge McLean injustice, I return to the subject, which, to avoid the appearance of egotism, in my former communication was spoken of in general terms, without allusion to my personal knowledge of the facts. I desire to do no man injustice, and in this case there is no temptation to do it, for the facts admitted are all sufficient for the purpose I had in view.

My statement of these was given as the story of Lucinda. Let us see how far this is corroborated by the other circumstances in the case. She was brought to my house in the night, by the underground agents, and the condition of her hands afforded indubitable testimony of the truth of her story, so far as her escape by means of the rope was concerned. I advised her to remain and she should be protected in her rights; and instead of pursuing her proposed journey to Canada, she hired herself to my near neighbour Perry Dakin, and lived immediately under my observation, before and after her marriage, for several years, and then removed to a more distant part of Clinton County. In all this time, and so far as I ever heard of her, she sustained the character of a gentle, peaceful woman, and especially in the vocation of a nurse, for which, according to Mr. Harlan, she brought a high character with her to Judge McLean, was she esteemed. She was only fifteen miles distant from his residence; we were surrounded by his personal and political friends, and relatives, and members of the church to which I understand him to belong, and the circumstances were freely spoken of, and notorious among the neighbours. They were twice (I think) published heretofore in anti-slavery papers, when there seemed a chance of the Judge becoming a candidate for the Presidency; and if he has never heard of the affair till now, it is at least remarkable, and no fault of the Abolitionists.

Mr. Harlan admits the fact that the girl was purchased in Kentucky, and brought to work without wages in Ohio. He denies that it ever "entered the mind of Judge McLean to take her back to Kentucky." I have no direct proof that the Judge was implicated personally in this attempt at reenslavement. I *think* Lucinda told me he was absent, on his circuit, when she escaped. I *know* she told me that she was detained in expectation of the arrival of a son-in-law of the Judge, who was to be the agent in carrying her back to slavery. A long experience in the habits of slaveowners, slavecatchers, and their apologists, has satisfied me that neither the word nor the oath of such is to be believed in any case where the freedom of a human being is at stake. He may, however, be innocent in this regard, and we need hold him only to that which is admitted. The plea that Lucinda became so fiendish the family were afraid of their lives on her account has a very suspicious look in connection with her admitted previous good character, and the one she sustained when I knew her. What but the treatment she was receiving transformed the gentle nurse into a fiend, admitting this report of her to be true? Mr. Harlan says "one night this girl left and Mrs. McLean was happily released." I can testify, if this be so, that, to all appearance, the joy at the separation was mutual. Singular, however, it seems, that the Judge and his family should have endured the perils of their situation for a moment, when the remedy would have been so easy, by sending Lucinda away, without compelling her to resort to the painful measure of slipping down a rope, as a part of the means of her transportation. The charge of ingratitude now brought against her, for merely claiming her natural rights, evinces the animus of the accusing party. The attempt to blacken her character adds nothing to the presumption of innocence in her accuser, in the minds of those who have impartially observed the various means employed by the oppressors to continue their domination over this long-suffering people. The defence which has been put in goes far towards corroborating the girl's whole story.

I take no pleasure in holding the conduct of Judge McLean up to the public as meriting reprobation. His official character as Postmaster-General inspired me with a regard for him which I should greatly have preferred should have remained unimpaired. But justice is due to the weak and the oppressed as much as to the influential and the popular, and especially does the cause of Freedom require that all violations of human rights shall be remembered against their perpetrators. To me, and to the slave, by whose side I desire ever to stand, it can make no possible difference whether John McLean does or does not receive the nomination of the Republicans for the Presidency; but in the education of the American people into the possession of a conscience which shall render slaveholding impossible, it is highly important that the personal connection of all distinguished characters with the sin of slavery shall be publicly and perseveringly proclaimed.

A. BROOKE.

Marlboro', Ohio, May 2, 1856.

CHARLES SUMNER ON THE KANSAS QUESTION.

[On the 19th and 20th inst., the Hon. CHARLES SUMNER delivered, in the United States Senate, the great speech of his life, on the Kansas Question. It contains not a single superfluous word, and yet its length so far transcends our space that we can publish only a part of it. Mr. Sumner, after an eloquent exordium, distributes his subject under three different heads: *first*, THE CRIME AGAINST KANSAS, in its origin and extent; *secondly*, THE APOLOGIES FOR THE CRIME; and, *thirdly*, THE TRUE REMEDY. As preliminary to the main discussion, he takes occasion to respond to some things that have been uttered by two of the champions of the Slave Power.]

REPLY TO SENATOR BUTLER.

BUT, before entering upon the argument, I must say something of a general character, particularly in response to what has fallen from Senators who have raised themselves to eminence on this floor in championship of human wrongs; I mean the Senator from South Carolina (Mr. Butler), and the Senator from Illinois (Mr. Douglas), who, though unlike as Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, yet, like this couple, sally forth together in the same cause. The Senator from South Carolina has read many books of chivalry, and believes himself a chivalrous knight, with sentiments of honour and courage. Of course he has chosen a mistress to whom he has made his vows, and who, though ugly to others, is always lovely to him; though polluted in the sight of the world, is chaste in his sight—I mean the harlot, slavery. For her, his tongue is always profuse in words. Let her be impeached in character, or any proposition made to shut her out from the extension of her wantonness, and no extravagance of manner or hardihood of assertion is then too great for this Senator. The frenzy of Don Quixote, in behalf of his wench Dulcinea del Toboso, is all surpassed. The asserted rights of slavery, which shock equality of all kinds, are cloaked by a fantastic claim of equality. If the slave States cannot enjoy what, in mockery of the great fathers of the Republic, he misnames equality under the Constitution—in other words, the full power in the National Territories to compel fellow-men to unpaid toil, to separate husband and wife, and to sell little children at the auction-block—then, sir, the chivalric Senator will conduct the State of South Carolina out of the Union! Heroic knight! Exalted Senator! A second Moses come for a second exodus!

But not content with this poor menace, which we have been twice told was "measured," the Senator, in the unrestrained chivalry of his nature, has undertaken to apply opprobrious words to those who differ from him on this floor. He calls them "sectional and fanatical"; and opposition to the usurpation of Kansas, he denounces as "an uncalculating fanaticism." To be sure, these charges lack all grace of originality, and all sentiments of truth; but the adventurous Senator does not hesitate. He is the uncompromising, unblushing representative on this floor of a flagrant *sectionalism*, which now domineers over the Republic, and yet with a ludicrous ignorance of his own position—unable to see himself as others see him—or with an effrontery which even his white head ought not to protect from rebuke, he applies to those here who resist his *sectionalism* the very epithet which designates himself. The men who strive to bring back the Government to its original policy, when freedom and not slavery was national, while slavery and not freedom was sectional, he arraigns as *sectional*. This will not do. It involves too great a perversion of terms. I tell that Senator, that it is to himself, and to the "organization" of which he is the "committed advocate," that this epithet belongs. I now fasten it upon them. For myself, I care little for names; but since the question has been raised here, I affirm that the Republican party of the Union is in no just sense *sectional*, but, more than any other party, *national*; and that it now goes forth to dislodge from the high places of the Government the tyrannical sectionalism of which the Senator from South Carolina is one of the maddest zealots.

To the charge of fanaticism I also reply. Sir, fanaticism is found in an enthusiasm or exaggeration of opinions, particularly on religious subjects; but there may be a fanaticism for evil as well as for good. Now, I will not deny that there are persons among us loving Liberty too well for their personal good, in a selfish generation. Such there may be, and, for the sake of their example, would that there were more! In calling them "fanatics," you cast contumely upon the noble army of martyrs from the earliest day down to this hour; upon the great tribunes of human rights, by whom life, liberty and happiness on earth have been secured; upon the long line of devoted patriots, who, throughout history, have truly loved their country; and upon all who, in noble aspirations for the general good, and in forgetfulness of self, have stood out before their age, and gathered into their generous bosoms the shafts of tyranny and wrong, in order to make a pathway for Truth. You discredit Luther, when alone he nailed his articles to the door of the Church at Wittenberg, and then, to the imperial demand that he should retract, firmly replied, "Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise, so help me God!" You discredit Hampden, when alone he refused to pay the few shillings of ship-money, and shook the throne of Charles I.; you discredit Milton, when, amidst the corruptions of the heartless Court, he lived on, the lofty friend of Liberty, above question or suspicion; you discredit Russell and Sidney, when, for the sake of their country, they calmly turned from family and friends to tread the narrow steps of the scaffold; you discredit the early founders of American institutions, who preferred the hardship of the wilderness, surrounded by a savage foe, to injustice on beds of ease; you discredit our late fathers, who, few in numbers, and weak in resources, yet strong in their cause, did not hesitate to brave the mighty power of England, already encircling the globe with her morning drum-beats. Yes, sir, of such are the fanatics of history, according to the Senator. But, I tell that Senator, that there are characters badly eminent, of whose fanaticism there can be no question. Such were the ancient Egyptians, who worshipped divinities in brutish forms; the Druids, who darkened the forests of oak, in which they lived, by sacrifices of blood; the Mexicans, who surrendered countless victims to the propitiation of their obscene idols; the Spaniards, who, under Alva, sought to force the Inquisition upon Holland, by a tyranny kindred to that now employed to force slavery upon Kansas; and such were the Algerines, when, in solemn conclave, after listening to a speech not unlike that of the Senator from South Carolina, they resolved to continue the slavery of white Christians, and to extend it to the countrymen of Washington! Aye, sir, extend it! And in the same dreary catalogue faithful history must record all who now, in an enlightened age and in a land of boasted freedom, stand up in perversion of the Constitution and in denial of immortal truth, to fasten a new shackle upon their fellow-man. If the Senator wishes to see fanatics, let him look round among his own associates; let him look at himself.

But I have not done with the Senator. There is another matter regarded by him of such consequence that he interpolated it into the speech of the Senator from New Hampshire (Mr. Hale), and also announced that he had prepared himself with it, to take in his pocket all the way to Boston, when he expected to address the people of that community. On this account, and for the sake of truth, I stop for one moment, and tread it to the earth. The North, according to the Senator, was engaged in the slave trade, and helped to introduce slaves into the Southern States; and this undeniable fact he proposed to establish by statistics, in stating which his errors surpassed his sentences in number. But I let these pass for the present, acknowledged turpitude of a departed generation to become an example for us? And yet the suggestion of the Senator, if entitled to any consideration in this discussion, must have this extent. I join my friend from New Hampshire in thanking the Senator from South Carolina for adducing this instance: for it gives me an opportunity to say, that the Northern merchants, with homes in Boston, Bristol, Newport, New York and Philadelphia, who catered for slavery during the years of the slave trade, are the lineal progenitors of the Northern men, with homes in these places, who lend themselves to slavery in our day; and especially that all, whether North or South, who take part, directly or indirectly, in the conspiracy against Kansas, do but continue the work of the slave traders, which you condemn. It is true, too true, alas! that our fathers were engaged in this traffic; but that is no apology for it. And in repelling the authority of this example, I repel also the trite argument founded on the earlier example of England. It is true that our mother country, at the peace of Utrecht, extorted from Spain the Assiento Contract, securing the monopoly of the slave trade with the Spanish Colonies, as the whole price of all the blood of great victories; that she higgled at Aix-la-Chapelle for another lease of this exclusive traffic; and again, at the treaty of Madrid clung to the wretched piracy. It is true, that in this spirit the power of the mother country was prostituted to the same base ends in her American Colonies, against indignant protests from our fathers. All these things now rise up in judgment against her. Let us not follow the Senator from South Carolina to do the very evil to-day, which in another generation we condemn.

REPLY TO SENATOR DOUGLAS.

As the Senator from South Carolina is the Don Quixote, the Senator from Illinois (Mr. Douglas) is the squire of Slavery, its very Sancho Panza, ready to do all its humiliating offices. This Senator, in his laboured address, vindicating his laboured report—piling one mass of elaborate error upon another mass—constrained himself, as you will remember, to unfamiliar decencies of speech. Of that address I have nothing to say at this moment, though, before I sit down, I shall show something of its fallacies. But I go back now to an earlier occasion, when, true to his native impulses, he threw into this discussion, "for a charm of powerful trouble," personalities most discreditable to this body. I will not stop to repel the imputations which he cast upon myself; but I mention them to remind you of the "sweltered venom sleeping got," which, with other poisoned ingredients, he cast into the cauldron of this debate. Of other things I speak. Standing on this floor, the Senator issued his rescript, requiring submission to the Usurped Power of Kansas; and this was accompanied by a manner—all his own—such as befits the tyrannical threat. Very well. Let the Senator try. I tell him now that he cannot enforce any such submission. The Senator, with the Slave Power at his back, is strong; but he is not strong enough for this purpose. He is bold. He shrinks from nothing. Like Danton, he may cry, "*l'audace! l'audace! toujours l'audace!*" but even his audacity cannot accomplish this work. The Senator copies the British officer, who, with boastful swagger, said that with the hilt of his sword he would cram the "stamps" down the throats of the American people, and he will meet a similar failure. He may convulse this country with civil feud. Like the ancient madman, he may set fire to this vast Temple of Constitutional Liberty, grander than the Ephesian dome; but he cannot enforce obedience to that tyrannical usurpation.

The Senator dreams that he can subdue the North. He disclaims the open threat, but his conduct still implies it. How little that Senator knows himself or the strength of the cause which he persecutes! He is but a mortal man; against him is an immortal principle. With finite power he wrestles with the infinite, and he must fall. Against him are stronger battalions than any marshalled by mortal arm—the inborn, ineradicable, invincible sentiments of the human heart; against him is nature in all her subtle forces; against him is God. Let him try to subdue these.

But I pass from these things, which, though belonging to the very heart of the discussion, are yet preliminary in character, and press at once to the main question.

[Omitting all that Mr. Sumner says under the first two heads, we copy nearly all that he uttered under the third, together with his eloquent peroration.]

From this ample survey, where one obstruction after another has been removed, I now pass, in the third place, to the consideration of the *various remedies proposed*, ending with the TRUE REMEDY. The Remedy should be coextensive with the original Wrong; and since, by the passage of the Nebraska bill, not only Kansas, but also Nebraska, Minnesota, Washington, and even Oregon, have been opened to slavery, the original Prohibition should be restored to its complete activity throughout these various Territories. By such a happy restoration, made in good faith, the whole country would be replaced in the condition which it enjoyed before the introduction of that dishonest measure. Here is the Alpha and the Omega of our aim in this controversy. But no such extensive measure is now in question. The Crime against Kansas has been special, and all else is absorbed in the special remedies for it. Of these I shall now speak. As the Apologies were four-fold, so are the Remedies proposed four-fold, and they range themselves in natural order, under designations which so truly disclose their character as even to supersede argument. First, we have the Remedy of Tyranny; next, the Remedy of Folly; next, the Remedy of Injustice and Civil War; and fourthly, the Remedy of Justice and Peace. There are the four caskets; and you are to determine which shall be opened by Senatorial votes. There is the *Remedy of Tyranny*, which, like its complement, the Apology of Tyranny—though espoused on this floor, especially by the Senator from Illinois—proceeds from the President, and is embodied in a special message. It proposes to enforce obedience to the existing laws of Kansas, "whether Federal or *local*," when, in fact, Kansas has no "local" laws except those imposed by the Usurpation from Missouri, and it calls for additional appropriations to complete this work of tyranny. I shall not follow the President in his elaborate endeavour to prejudge the contested election now pending in the House of Representatives; for this whole matter belongs to the privileges of that body, and neither the President nor the Senate has a right to intermeddle therewith. I do not touch it. But now, while dismissing it, I should not pardon myself, if I failed to add, that any person who founds his claim to a seat in Congress on the pretended votes of hirelings from another State, with no home on the soil of Kansas, plays the part of Anacharsis Clootz, who, at the bar of the French Convention, undertook to represent nations that knew him not, or, if they knew him, scorned him; with this difference, that in our American case, the excessive farce of the transaction cannot cover its tragedy. But all this I put aside—to deal with what is legitimately before the Senate. I expose simply the Tyranny which upholds the existing Usurpation, and asks for additional appropriations. Let it be judged by an example, from which in this country there can be no appeal. Here is the speech of George III., made from the Throne to Parliament, in response to the complaints of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, which, though smarting under laws passed by usurped power, had yet avoided all armed opposition, while Lexington and Bunker Hill still slumbered in rural solitude, unconscious of the historic kindred which they were soon to claim. Instead of Massachusetts Bay, in the Royal speech, substitute Kansas, and the Message of the President will be found fresh on the lips of the British King. Listen now to the words which, in op

tifies her willingness to relieve the Federal Government of the considerable pecuniary responsibility to which it is now exposed on account of the pretended Territorial Government. Secondly: She has by her recent conduct, particularly in repelling the invasion at Wakerusa, evinced an ability to defend her Government. And, thirdly, by the pecuniary credit which she now enjoys, she shows an undoubted ability to support it. What now can stand in her way? The power of Congress to admit Kansas at once is explicit. It is found in a single clause of the Constitution, which, standing by itself, without any qualification applicable to the present case, and without doubtful words, requires no commentary. Here it is:

"New States *may* be admitted by Congress into this Union; but no new State shall be formed or erected within the jurisdiction of any other State, nor any State be formed by the junction of two or more States or parts of States, without the consent of the Legislatures of the State concerned, as well as of the Congress."

New States MAY be admitted. Out of that little word, *may*, comes the power, broadly and fully—without any limitation founded on population or preliminary forms—provided the State is not within the jurisdiction of another State, nor formed by the junction of two or more States or parts of States, without the consent of the Legislatures of the States. Kansas is not within the *legal* jurisdiction of another State, although the laws of Missouri have been tyranically extended over her; nor is Kansas formed by the junction of two or more States; and, therefore, Kansas *may* be admitted by Congress into the Union, without regard to population or preliminary forms. You cannot deny the power, without obliterating this clause of the Constitution. The Senator from New York was right in rejecting all appeal to precedents, as entirely irrelevant; for the power invoked is clear and express in the Constitution, which is above all precedent. But, since precedent has been enlisted, let us look at precedent. It is objected that the *population* of Kansas is not sufficient for a State; and this objection is sustained by under-reckoning the numbers there, and exaggerating the numbers required by precedent. In the absence of any recent census, it is impossible to do more than approximate to the actual population; but, from careful inquiry of the best sources, I am led to place it now at 50,000, though I observe that a prudent authority, *The Boston Daily Advertiser*, puts it as high as 60,000; and, while I speak, this remarkable population, fed by fresh emigration, is outstripping even these calculations. Nor can there be a doubt that, before the assent of Congress can be perfected in the ordinary course of legislation, this population will swell to the large number of 93,420 required in the bill of the Senator from Illinois. *But, in making this number the condition of the admission of Kansas, you set up an extraordinary standard.* There is nothing out of which it can be derived, from the beginning to the end of the precedents. Going back to the days of the Continental Congress you will find that, in 1784, it was declared that 20,000 freemen in a Territory might "establish a permanent Constitution and Government for themselves" (Journals of Congress, Vol. 3, p. 379); and, though this number was afterward, in the Ordinance of 1787, for the North-western Territory, raised to 60,000, yet the power was left in Congress, and subsequently exercised in more than one instance, to constitute a State with a smaller number. Out of all the new States, only Maine, Wisconsin, and Texas contained, at the time of their admission into the Union, so large a population as it is proposed to require in Kansas.

[We deeply regret the necessity which compels us here to omit a considerable portion of Mr. Sumner's argument, showing how several States have been admitted with a smaller population than Kansas now has, as well as without a preliminary enabling act by Congress, and in contempt or defiance of those forms which are now insisted on as essential. He cites in this connection the arguments of Messrs. Buchanan and Grundy, with the votes also of Messrs. Benton, Wright, W. R. King, Frank Pierce, &c., in favour of the admission of Michigan upon the vote of a spontaneous in opposition to that of a legally assembled Convention. Mr. S. continued:]

Thus, in that day, by such triumphant votes, did the cause of Kansas prevail in the name of Michigan. A popular Convention—called absolutely without authority, and containing delegates from a portion only of the population—called, too, in opposition to constituted authorities, and in derogation of another Convention assembled under the forms of law—stigmatized as a caucus and a criminal meeting, whose authors were liable to indictment, trial and punishment—was, after ample debate, recognised by Congress as valid, and Michigan now holds her place in the Union, and her Senators sit upon this floor, by virtue of that act. Sir, if Michigan is legitimate, Kansas cannot be illegitimate. You bastardize Michigan when you refuse to recognise Kansas. Again, I say, do you require a precedent? I give it to you. But I will not stake this cause on any precedent. I plant it firmly on the fundamental principle of American Institutions, as embodied in the Declaration of Independence, by which Government is recognised as deriving its just powers only *from the consent of the governed*, who may alter or abolish it when it becomes destructive of their rights. In the debate on the Nebraska bill, at the overthrow of the Prohibition of Slavery, the Declaration of Independence was denounced as a "self-evident lie." It is only by a similar audacity that the fundamental principle, which sustains the proceedings in Kansas, can be assailed. Nay, more: you must disown the Declaration of Independence, and adopt the Circular of the Holy Alliance, which declares that "useful and necessary changes in legislation and in the administration of States *ought only to emanate from the free will and the intelligent and well-weighed conviction of those whom God has rendered responsible for power.*" Face to face I put the principle of the Declaration of Independence and the principle of the Holy Alliance, and bid them grapple! "The one places the remedy in the hands which *feel* the disorder; the other places the remedy in the hands which *cause* the disorder"; and when I thus truthfully characterize them, I but adopt a sententious phrase from the Debates in the Virginia Convention on the adoption of the Federal Constitution (3 *Elliott's Debates*, 107—*Mr. Corbin*). And now these two principles, embodied in the rival propositions of the Senator from New York and the Senator from Illinois, must grapple on this floor. Statesmen and judges, publicists and authors, with names of authority in American history, espouse and vindicate the American principle. Hand in hand, they now stand around Kansas, and feel this new State lean on them for support. Of these I content myself with adducing two only, both from slaveholding Virginia, in days when Human Rights were not without support in that State. Listen to the language of St. George Tucker, the distinguished commentator upon Blackstone, uttered from the bench in a judicial opinion:

"The power of convening the legal Assemblies, or the ordinary constitutional Legislature, *resided solely in the Executive.* They could neither be chosen without writs issued by its authority, nor assemble, when chosen, but under the same authority. The Conventions, on the contrary, were chosen and assembled either in pursuance of recommendations from Congress, or from their own bodies, *or by the discretion and common consent of the people.* They were held even while a legal Assembly existed. Witness the Convention held at Richmond in March, 1775, after which period the legal constitutional Assembly was convened in William-sburg by the Governor, Lord Dunmore. * * * *Yet a constitutional dependence on the British Government was never denied until the succeeding May.* * * * The Convention then was not the ordinary Legislature of Virginia. It was the body of the people, impelled to assemble from a sense of common danger, consulting for the common good, and acting in all things for the common safety." (1 *Virginia Cases*, 70, 71, *Kamper vs. Hawkins.*)

Listen also to the language of James Madison:

"That in all great changes of established Government, forms ought to give way to substance; that a rigid adherence in such cases to the forms would render nominal and nugatory the transcendent and precious right of the people to abolish or alter their Government, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness." * * * Nor can it have been forgotten *that no little ill-timed scruples, no zeal for adhering to ordinary forms, were anywhere seen, except in those who wished to indulge under these masks their secret enmity to the substance contended for.*" (*The Federalist*, No. 40).

Proceedings thus sustained, I am unwilling to call *revolutionary*, although this term has the sanction of the Senator from New York. They are founded on an unquestionable American right, declared with Independence, confirmed by the blood of the fathers, and expounded by patriots, which cannot be impeached without impairing the liberties of all. On this head the language of Mr. Buchanan is explicit:

"Does the Senator [Mr. Calhoun] contend, then, that if, in one of the States of this Union, the Government be so organized as to utterly destroy the right of equal representation, there is no mode of obtaining redress but by an Act of the Legislature authorizing a Convention, or by open rebellion. Must the people step at once from oppression to open war? Must it be either absolute submission or absolute revolution? *Is there no middle course?* I cannot agree with the Senator. I say that the whole history of our Government establishes the principle that the people are sovereign, and that a majority of them can alter or change their fundamental laws at pleasure. *I deny that this is either rebellion or revolution. It is an essential and a recognised principle in all our forms of Government*" (*Congress. Deb.*, Vol. 13, p. 313, *24th Cong., 2d session*).

Surely, sir, if ever there was occasion for the exercise of this right, the time had come in Kansas. The people there had been subjugated by a horde of foreign invaders, and brought under a tyrannical code of revolting barbarity, while property and life among them were left exposed to audacious assaults which flaunted at noonday, and to reptile abuses which crawled in the darkness of night. *Self-defence is the first law of nature*; and unless this law is temporarily silenced—as all other law has been silenced there—you cannot condemn the proceedings in Kansas. Here, sir, is an unquestionable principle—*in itself an overwhelming law*—which belongs to all countries and times—in presence of which acts of Congress and Constitutions are powerless, as the voice of man against the thunder which rolls through the sky—which whispers itself coeval with life—whose very breath is life itself; and now, in the last resort, do I place all these proceedings under this supreme safeguard, which you will assail in vain. Any opposition must be founded on a fundamental perversion of facts, or perversion of fundamental principle, which no words can uphold, though surpassing in numbers the nine hundred thousand piles driven into the mud in order to sustain the Dutch Stadhouse at Amsterdam! Thus, on every ground of precedent, whether as regards population or forms of proceeding; also on the vital principle of American institutions; and, lastly, on the unquestionable law of self-defence, do I invoke the power of Congress to admit Kansas at once and without hesitation into the Union. "New States *may* be admitted by the Congress into the Union"; such are the words of the Constitution. If you hesitate for want of precedent, then do I appeal to the great principle of American Institutions. If, forgetting the origin of the Republic, you turn away from this principle, then, in the name of human nature, trampled down and oppressed, but aroused to a just self-defence, do I plead for the exercise of this power. Do not hearken, I pray you, to the propositions of Tyranny and Folly; do not be ensnared by that other proposition of the Senator from Illinois [Mr. Douglas], in which is the horrid root of Injustice and Civil War. But apply gladly, and at once, the true remedy, wherein are Justice and Peace. Mr. President, an immense space has been traversed, and I now stand at the goal. The argument in its various parts is here closed. The crime against Kansas has been displayed in its origin and extent, beginning with the overthrow of the Prohibition of Slavery; next cropping out in conspiracy on the borders of Missouri; then hardening into a continuity of outrage, through organized invasions and miscellaneous assaults, in which all security was destroyed, and ending at last in the perfect subjugation of a generous people to an unprecedented Usurpation. Turning aghast from the Crime, which, like murder, seemed to confess itself "with most miraculous organ," we have looked with mingled shame and indignation upon the four Apologies—whether of Tyranny, Imbecility, Absurdity, or Infamy—in which it has been wrapped, marking especially the false testimony, congenial with the original Crime, against the Emigrant Aid Company. Then were noted, in succession, the four Remedies, whether of Tyranny, Folly, Injustice and Civil War, or Justice and Peace—which last bids Kansas, in conformity with past precedents and under the exigencies of the hour, in order to redeem her from Usurpation, to take a place as a sovereign State of the Union; and this is the true remedy. If in this argument I have not unworthily vindicated Truth, then have I spoken according to my desires; if imperfectly, then only according to my powers.

But there are other things, not belonging to the argument, which still press for utterance. Sir, the people of Kansas, bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh, with the education of freemen and the rights of American citizens, now stand at your door. Will you send them away, or bid them enter? Will you push them back to renew their struggles with a deadly foe, or will you preserve them in security and peace? Will you cast them again into the den of Tyranny, or will you help their despairing efforts to escape? These questions I put with no common solicitude; for I feel that on their just determination depend all the most precious interests of the Republic; and I perceive too clearly the prejudices in the way, and the accumulating bitterness against this distant people, now claiming their birthright, while I am bowed with mortification as I recognise the President of the United States, who should have been a staff to the weak and a shield to the innocent, at the head of this strange oppression. At every stage the similitude between the wrongs of Kansas, and those other wrongs against which our fathers rose, becomes more apparent. Read the Declaration of Independence, and there is hardly an accusation which is there directed against the British Monarch which may not now be directed with increased force against the American President. The parallel has a fearful particularity. Our fathers had complained that the King had "sent hither swarms of officers to harrass our people, and eat out their substance"; that "he had combined, with others, to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our Constitution, *giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation*"; that "he had abdicated Government here, by declaring us out of his protection, and *waging war against us*"; that "he had excited domestic insurrection among us, and *endeavoured to bring on the inhabitants of our frontier the merciless savages*"; that "our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury." And this arraignment was aptly followed by the damning words, that "a Prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people." And surely, a President who has done all these things, cannot be less unfit than a Prince. At every stage, the responsibility is brought directly to him. His offence has been both of commission and omission. He has done that which he ought not to have done, and he has left undone that which he ought to have done. By his activity the Prohibition of slavery was overturned. By his failure to act the honest emigrants in Kansas have been left a prey to wrong of all kinds. *Nullum fiagitium extitit, nisi per te; nullum fiagitium sine te.* And now he stands forth the most conspicuous enemy of that unhappy Territory. As the tyranny of the British King is all renewed in the President, so on this floor have the old indignities been renewed, which embittered and fomented the trouble of our Fathers. The early petition of the American Congress to Parliament, long before any suggestion of Independence, was opposed—like the petitions of Kansas—because that body "was assembled without any requisition on the part of the Supreme Power." Another petition from New York, presented by Edmund Burke, was flatly rejected, as claiming rights derogatory to Parliament. And still another petition from Massachusetts Bay was dismissed as "vexatious and scandalous," while the patriot and philosopher who bore it was exposed to peculiar contumely. Throughout the debates, our fathers were made the butt of sorry jests and supercilious assumptions. And now these scenes, with these precise objections, have been renewed in the American Senate. With regret, I come again upon the Senator from South Carolina (Mr. Butler), who, omnipresent in this debate, overflowed with rage at the simple suggestion that Kansas had applied for admission as a State; and, with incoherent phrases, discharged the loose expectoration of his speech, now upon her Representative and then upon her people. There was no extravagance of the ancient Parliamentary debate which he did not repeat; nor was there any possible deviation from truth which he did not make, with so much of passion, I am glad to add, as to save him from the suspicion of intentional aberration. But the Senator touches nothing which he does not disfigure—with error, sometimes of principle, sometimes of fact. He shows an incapacity of accuracy, whether in stating the Constitution or in stating the law, whether in the details of statistics or the diversions of scholarship. He cannot ope his mouth but out there flies a blunder. Surely he ought to be familiar with the life of Franklin; and yet he referred to this household character, while acting as agent of our fathers in England, as above suspicion; and this was done that he might give point to a false contrast with the agent of Kansas—not knowing that, however they may differ in genius and fame, in this experience they are alike; that Franklin, when intrusted with the petition of Massachusetts Bay, was assailed by a foul-mouthed speaker, where he could not be heard in defence, and denounced as a "thief," even as the agent of Kansas has been assailed on this floor, and denounced as a "forger." And let not the vanity of the Senator be inspired by the parallel with the British statesmen of that day; for it is only in hostility to Freedom that any parallel can be recognised. But it is against the people of Kansas that the sensibilities of the Senate are particularly aroused. Coming, as he announces, "from a State"—aye, sir, from South Carolina—he turns with lordly disgust from this newly-formed community, which he would not recognise even as "a body politic." Pray, sir, by what title does he indulge in this egotism? Has he read the history of "the State" which he represents? He cannot surely have forgotten its shameful imbecility from slavery, confessed throughout the Revolution, followed by its more shameful assumptions for slavery since. He cannot have forgotten its wretched persistence in the slave trade as the very apple of its eye, and the condition of its participation in the Union. He cannot have forgotten its Constitution, which is republican only in name, confirming power in the hands of the few, and founding the qualifications of voters on "a settled freehold estate and ten negroes." And yet the Senator, to whom that "State" has in part committed the guardianship of its good name, instead of moving, with backward treading steps, to cover its nakedness, rushes forward in the very ecstacy of madness, to expose it by provoking a comparison with Kansas. South Carolina is old; Kansas is young. South Carolina counts by centuries where Kansas counts by years. But a beneficent example may be born in a day; and I venture to say that against the two centuries of the older "State," may be already set the two years of trial, evolving corresponding virtue, in the younger community. In the one, is the long wail of Slavery; in the other, the hymns of Freedom. And if we glance at special achievements, it will be difficult to find anything in the history of South Carolina which presents so much of heroic spirit in a heroic cause as appears in that repulse of the Missouri invaders by the beleaguered town of Lawrence, where even the women gave their effective efforts to Freedom. The matrons of Rome, who poured their jewels into the treasury for the public defence—the wives of Prussia, who, with delicate fingers, clothed their defenders against French invasion—the mothers of our own Revolution, who sent forth their sons, covered over with prayers and blessings, to combat for Human Rights, did nothing of self-sacrifice truer than did these women on this occasion. Were the whole history of South Carolina blotted out of existence, from its very beginning down to the day of the last election of the Senator to his present seat on this floor, civilization might lose—I do not say how little; but surely less than it has already gained by the example of Kansas, in its valiant struggle against oppression, and in the development of a new science of emigration. Already in Lawrence alone there are newspapers and schools, including a High School, and throughout the Territory there is more academic education than in all Missouri outside of St. Louis; and more far, in proportion to its inhabitants, than in all South Carolina. Ah, sir, I tell the Senator that Kansas, welcomed as a Free State, will be a "ministering angel" to the Republic, when South Carolina, in the cloak of darkness which she hugs, "lies howling." The Senator from Illinois (Mr. Douglas) naturally joins the Senator from South Carolina in this warfare, and gives to it the superior intensity of his nature. He thinks that the National Government has not completely proved its power, as it has never hanged a traitor; but, if the occasion requires, he hopes there will be no hesitation; and this threat is directed at Kansas, and even at the friends of Kansas throughout the country. Again occurs the parallel with the struggles of our fathers, and I borrow the language of Patrick Henry, when, to the cry from the Senator, of "treason," "treason," I reply, "if this be treason, make the most of it." Sir, it is easy to call names; but I beg to tell the Senator that if the word "traitor" is in any way applicable to those who refuse submission to a tyrannical Usurpation, whether in Kansas or elsewhere, then must some new word, of deeper colour, be invented, to designate those mad spirits who would endanger and degrade the Republic, while they betray all the cherished sentiments of the Fathers and the spirit of the Constitution, in order to give new spread to slavery. Let the Senator proceed. It will not be the first time in history that a scaffold erected for punishment has become a pedestal of honour. Out of death comes life, and the "traitor" whom he blindly executes will live immortal in the cause.

For Humanity sweeps onward: where to-day the martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas, with the silver in his hands;
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return,
To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden urn.

Among these hostile Senators, there is yet another, with all the prejudices of the Senator from South Carolina, but without his generous impulses, who, by his position on this floor, and the rancour of his opposition deserves to be named. I mean the Senator from Virginia (Mr. Mason), who, as the author of the Fugitive Slave bill, has associated himself with a special act of inhumanity and tyranny. Of him I shall say little. He holds the commission of Virginia, but he does not represent that early Virginia, so dear to our hearts, which gave to us the pen of Jefferson, by which the equality of men was declared, and the sword of Washington, by which Independence was secured; but he represents that other Virginia from which Washington and Jefferson now avert their faces, where human beings are bred as cattle for the shambles, and where a dungeon rewards the pious matron who teaches little children to relieve their bondage by reading the Book of Life. It is proper that such a Senator, representing such a State, should rail against free Kansas. Senators such as these are the natural enemies of Kansas, and I introduce them with reluctance, simply that the country may understand the character of the hostility which must be overcome. Arrayed with them, of course, are all who unite, under any pretext or apology, in the propagandism of Human Slavery. To such, indeed, the time-honoured safeguards of popular rights can be a name only, and nothing more. What are trial by jury, habeas corpus, the ballot-box, the right of petition, the liberty of Kansas, your liberty, sir, or mine, to one who lends himself, not merely to the support at home, but to the propagandism abroad, of that preposterous wrong, which denies even the right of a man to himself. Such a cause can be maintained only by a practical subversion of all rights. It is, therefore, merely according to reason that its partisans should uphold the Usurpation in Kansas.

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To overthrow this Usurpation is now the special, important duty of Congress, admitting of no hesitation or postponement. To this end it must lift itself from the cabals of candidates, the machinations of party, and the low level of vulgar strife. It must turn from that Slave Oligarchy which now controls the Republic, and refuse to be its tool. Let its power be stretched forth toward this distant Territory, not to bind, but to unbind; not for the oppression of the weak, but for the subversion of the tyrannical; not for the prop and maintenance of a revolting Usurpation, but for the confirmation of Liberty.

"These are imperial arts, and worthy thee!"

Let it now take its stand between the living and the dead, and cause this plague to be stayed. All this it can do; and if the interests of slavery did not oppose, all this it would do at once, in reverent regard for justice, law and order, driving far away all the alarms of war; nor would it dare to brave the shame and punishment of this Great Refusal. But the Slave Power dares anything; and it can be conquered only by the united masses of the People. From Congress to the People, I appeal. Already Public Opinion gathers unwonted forces to scourge the aggressors. In the press, in daily conversation, wherever two or three are gathered together, there the indignant utterance finds vent. And trade, by unerring indications, attest the growing energy. Public credit in Missouri droops. The six per cents of that State, which at par should be 102, have sunk to 84 1-4—thus at once completing the evidence of Crime, and attesting its punishment. Business is now turning from the Assassins and Thugs, that infest the Missouri River on the way to Kansas, to seek some safer avenue. And this, though not unimportant in itself, is typical of greater changes. The political credit of the men who uphold the Usurpation droops even more than the stocks; and the people are turning from all those through whom the Assassins and Thugs have derived their disgraceful immunity. It was said of old, "Cursed be he that removeth his neighbour's Landmark. *And all the people shall say, Amen.*" (Deut. xxvii., 17.) Cursed, it is said, in the city, and in the field; cursed in the basket and store; cursed when thou comest in, and cursed when thou goest out. These are terrible imprecations; but if ever any Landmark was sacred, it was that by which an immense Territory was guarded *forever* against slavery; and if ever such imprecations could justly descend upon any one, they must descend now upon all who, not content with the removal of this sacred Landmark, have since, with criminal complicity, fostered the incursions of the great Wrong against which it was intended to guard. But I utter no imprecations. These are not my words; nor is it my part to add to or substract from them. But, thanks be to God, they find a response in the heart of an aroused People, making them turn from every man, whether President, or Senator, or Representative, who has been engaged in this Crime—especially from those who, cradled in free institutions, are without the apology of education or social prejudice—until of all such those other words of the prophets shall be fulfilled, "I will set my face against that man, and make him a sign and a proverb, and I will cut him off from the midst of my people." (Ezekiel xiv., 8.) Turning thus from the authors of this crime, the People will unite once more with the Fathers of the Republic, in a just condemnation of slavery—determined especially that it shall find no home in the National Territories—while the Slave Power, in which this crime had its beginning, and by which it is now sustained, will be swept into the catalogue of departed Tyrannies. In this contest, Kansas bravely stands forth—the stripling leader, wrapped in the panoply of American institutions. In calmly meeting and adopting a frame of Government, her people have with intuitive promptitude performed the duties of freemen; and when I consider the difficulties by which she was beset, I find dignity in her attitude. *In offering herself for admission into the Union as a* FREE STATE, she presents a single *issue for the people to decide.* And since the Slave Power now stakes on this issue all its ill-gotten supremacy, the People, while vindicating Kansas, will at the same time overthrow this Tyranny. Thus does the contest which she now begins involve not only liberty for herself, but for the whole country. God be praised that she did not bend ignobly beneath the yoke! Far away on the prairies she is now battling for the Liberty of all, against the President, who misrepresents all. Everywhere, among those who are not insensible to Right, the generous struggle meets a generous response. From innumerable throbbing hearts go forth the very words of encouragement which, in the sorrowful days of our Fathers, were sent by Virginia, speaking by the pen of Richard Henry Lee, to Massachusetts, in the person of her popular tribune, Samuel Adams:

"CHANTILLY, VA., June 23, 1774.

"I hope the good people of Boston will not lose their spirits under their present heavy oppression, for they will certainly be supported by the other Colonies; and the cause for which they suffer is so glorious and so deeply interesting to the present and future generations that all America will owe, in a great measure, their political salvation to the present virtue of Massachusetts Bay."—*American Archives, 4th Series, Vol. 1, p. 446.*

In all this sympathy there is strength. But in the cause itself there is angelic power. Unseen of men, the great spirits of History combat by the side of the people of Kansas, breathing a divine courage. Above all towers the majestic form of Washington—once more, as on the bloody field, bidding them to remember those rights of Human Nature for which the War of Independence was waged. Such a cause, thus sustained, is invincible. It may be crushed to earth for a day, but it will surely rise to grasp the victory. The contest which, beginning in Kansas, has reached us, will soon be transferred from Congress to a broader stage, where every citizen will be not only spectator, but actor; and to their judgement I confidently appeal. To the People, now on the eve of exercising the electoral franchise in choosing a Chief Magistrate of the Republic, I appeal, to vindicate the electoral franchise in Kansas. Let the ballot-box of the Union, with multitudinous might protect the ballot-box in that Territory. Let the voters everywhere, while rejoicing in their own rights, help to guard the equal rights of distant fellow-citizens; that the shrines of popular institutions, now desecrated, may be sanctified anew; that the ballot-box, now plundered, may be restored; and that the cry, "I am an American citizen," may not be sent forth in vain against outrage of every kind. In just regard for free labour in that Territory, which it is sought to blast by unwelcome association with slave labour; in Christian sympathy with the slave, whom it is proposed to take and sell there; in stern condemnation of the Crime which has been consummated on that beautiful soil; in rescue of fellow-citizens, subjugated to tyrannical Usurpation; in dutiful respect for the early fathers, whose aspirations are ignobly thwarted; in the name of the Constitution, which has been outraged—of Laws trampled down—of Justice banished—of Humanity degraded—of Peace destroyed—of Freedom crushed to earth; and in the name of the Heavenly Father, whose service is perfect Freedom, I make this last appeal.

THE EFFECT OF MR. SUMNER'S SPEECH.

Mr. Sumner's Speech aroused the intensest malignity of the champions of slavery on the floor of the Senate. Mr. CASS pronounced it the most unpatriotic and un-American speech he ever heard, and attempted to answer the argument drawn from the example of Michigan in claiming admission to the Union under a Constitution framed without the sanction of the Territorial Government. Mr. DOUGLAS spoke at considerable length and with much bitterness. He said:

"He [Mr. Sumner] seems to get up a speech, as in Yankee land they get up a bed-quilt. They take all the old calico dresses, of various colours, that have been in the house from the days of their grandmothers, and invite the young ladies of the neighbourhood in the afternoon, and the young men to meet them at a dance in the evening. They cut up these pieces of old dresses and make pretty figures, and boast of what beautiful ornamental work they have made, although there was not a new material in the whole quilt (laughter). Thus it is with the speech which we have had rehearsed here to-day in regard to matters of fact, matters of law, and matters of argument—everything but the personal assaults, and the malignity.

"I beg pardon; there is another point. We have had another dish of the classics served up—classic allusions, each one only distinguished for its lasciviousness, and obscenity—each one drawn from those portions of the classics which all decent professors in respectable colleges cause to be suppressed, as unfit for decent young men to read. Sir, I cannot repeat the words. I should be condemned as unworthy of entering decent society, if I repeated those obscene, vulgar terms which have been used at least a hundred times in that speech. It seems that his studies of the classics have all been in those haunts where ladies cannot go, and where gentlemen never read Latin (laughter). I have no disposition to follow him in that part of his speech.

"His endeavour seems to be an attempt to whistle to keep up his courage by defiant assaults upon us all. I am in doubt as to what can be his object. He has not hesitated to charge three-fourths of the Senate with fraud, with swindling, with crime, with infamy, at least one hundred times over in his speech. Is it his object to provoke some of us to kick him as we would a dog in the street, that he may get sympathy upon the just chastisement? What is the object of this denunciation against the body of which we are members; a hundred times he has called the Nebraska bill a "swindle," an act of crime, an act of infamy; and each time went on to illustrate the complicity of each man who voted for it in perpetrating the crime. He has brought it home as a personal charge to those who passed the Nebraska bill, that they were guilty of a crime which deserved the just indignation of Heaven and should make them infamous among men.

"Who are the Senators thus arraigned? He does me the honour to make me the chief. It was my good luck to have such a position in this body as to enable me to be the author of a great, wise measure, which the Senate has approved, and the country will indorse. That measure was sustained by three-fourths of all the members of the Senate. It was sustained by a majority of the Democrats and a majority of the Whigs in this body. It was sustained by a majority of the Senators from the slaveholding States, and a majority of Senators from free States. The Senator by his charge of crime, then, stultifies three-fourths of the whole body, a majority of the North, nearly the whole South, a majority of Whigs, and a majority of Democrats here. He says they are infamous. If he so believed, who could suppose that he would ever show his face among such a body of men? How dare he approach one of those gentlemen to give him his hand after that act? If he felt the courtesies between men he would not do it. He would deserve to have himself spit in the face for doing so.

"This charge is made against the body of which we are members. It is not a charge made in the heat of debate. It is not made as a retort growing out of an excited controversy. If it were of that nature, I could make much allowance for it. I can pay great deference to the frailties and the impulses of an honourable man, when indignant at what he considers to be a wrong. If the Senator, betraying that he was susceptible of just indignation, had been goaded, provoked, and aggravated, on the spur of the moment, into the utterance of harsh things, and then apologized for them in his cooler hours, I could respect him much more than if he had never made such a departure from the rules of the Senate, because it would show that he had a heart to appreciate what is due among brother Senators and gentlemen. But, sir, it happens to be well known (it has been the subject of conversation for weeks) that the Senator from Massachusetts had his speech written, printed, committed to memory, practised every night before the glass, with a negro boy to hold the candle and watch the gestures, and annoying the boarders in the adjoining rooms until they were forced to quit the house! (Laughter.) It was rumoured that he read part of it to friends, and they repeated in all the saloons and places of amusement in the city what he was going to say. The libels, the gross insults which we have heard to-day, have been conned over, written with cool, deliberate malignity, repeated from night to night, in order to catch the appropriate grace, and then he came here to spit forth that malignity upon men who differ from him—for that is their offence.

"Mr. President, I ask what right has that Senator to come here and arraign three-fourths of the body for a dereliction of duty? Is there anything in the means by which he got here to give him a superiority over other gentlemen who came by the ordinary means? Is there anything to justify it in the fact that he came here with a deliberate avowal that he would never obey one clause of the Constitution of the United States, and yet put his hand upon the Holy Bible, in the presence of this body, and appealed to Almighty God to witness that he would be faithful to the Constitution with a pledge to perjure his soul by violating both that oath and the Constitution? He came here with a pledge to perjure himself as the condition of eligibility to the place. Has he a right to arraign us because we have felt it to be our duty to be faithful to that Constitution which he disavows—to that oath which he assumes and then repudiates?

"The Senate have not forgotten the debate on the Fugitive Slave law, when the Senator said, in reply to a question whether he was in favour of carrying into effect that clause of the Constitution for the rendition of fugitive slaves—"Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing"? A dog—to do what you swore you would do! A dog—to be true to the Constitution of your country! A dog—to be true to your oath! A dog—unless you are a traitor! That was his position; and still he comes here and arraigns us for crime, and talks about "audacity!" Did mortal man ever witness such audacity in an avowed criminal? He comes here with a pledge to defy the Constitution of his country, and the wrath of God, by not obeying his oath, and then talks about audacity. In what does my audacity, of which he speaks, consist? It consists in the fact that, coming from a free State, born in a free State, with associations all around me tinctured strongly with anti-slavery, when I was elected to the Senate, and took an oath to be true to the Constitution, I would not violate that oath, even in obedience to a popular prejudice at home. My crime consists in saying to my people, "So long as that Constitution requires the fugitive slave to go back, so long will I, as a citizen or a representative, be faithful to that clause of the Constitution, as well as to every other." I tell the people with whom I live that I do not desire a man to represent me who, for the sake of getting an office, will take an oath to be true to the Constitution, with a secret pledge to violate it. I do not wish to have a man on the bench to administer justice who, in order to get the place, will take an oath to be faithful to the Constitution, and then repudiate both the Constitution and the oath. I tell my people, "If you want perjurers to represent you, get the men who believe in a higher law than the Constitution?" Because I am faithful to the Constitution of my country, I am arraigned as a conspirator, as a traitor, as a man guilty of crime. Is there any other reason? If I would follow the popular prejudice of the section where I was born, where I live, and where I hope to die; if I would fan the flame of sectional excitement and strife to the very point of consuming this glorious temple of freedom, I should be as pure a man, and as pure a patriot, as these men who live under Constitutions which they do not respect and will not obey! I have been burned and hung in effigy under the advice and arrangement of these conspirators here; because of my fidelity to the Constitution of the country, and to the principles to which I stood pledged, and which my judgment approved.

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"The attack of the Senator from Massachusetts now is not on me alone. Even the courteous and the accomplished Senator from South Carolina (Mr. Butler) could not be paseed in his absence.

"Mr. MASON—Advantage was taken of it.

"Mr. DOUGLAS—It is suggested that advantage is taken of his absence. I think that is a mistake. I think the speech was written and practised, and the gestures fixed; and if that part had been stricken out, the Senator would not have known how to repeat the speech (laughter). All that tirade of abuse must be brought down on the head of the venerable, the courteous, and the distinguished Senator from South Carolina. I shall not defend that gentleman here. Every Senator who knows him loves him. The Senator from Massachusetts may take every charge made against him in his speech, and may verify by his oath, and by the oath of his confederates, and there is not an honest man in this Chamber who will not repel it as a slander. Your oaths cannot make a Senator feel that it was not an outrage to assail that honourable gentleman, in the terms in which he has been attacked. He, however, will be here in due time to speak for himself, and to act for himself, too. I know what will happen. The Senator from Massachusetts will go to him, whisper a secret apology in his ear, and ask him to accept that as satisfaction for a public outrage on his character! I know how the Senator from Massachusetts is in the habit of doing those things. I have some experience of his skill in that respect."

Mr. MASON, of Virginia, was not less irate than Mr. Douglas. He said:

"Mr. President, the necessities of our political position bring us into relations and associations upon this floor, which, in obedience to a common Government, we are forced to admit. They bring us into relations and associations, which, beyond the walls of this Chamber, we are enabled to avoid—associations here, whose presence elsewhere is dishonour, and the touch of whose hand would be a disgrace. They are the necessities of our political position; and yet, Mr. President, it is not easy to bear them. Representing our States here, under a Constitution which we came here to obey, we are constrained to listen, from day to day, from sources utterly irresponsible, to language to which no gentleman would subject himself elsewhere. I say it is difficult to bear. We bear it from respect to the obligations of the Constitution, and in obedience to the constitutional trust which we have undertaken to perform.

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"I have said that the necessity of political position alone brings me into relations with men upon this floor whom elsewhere I cannot acknowledge as possessing manhood in any form. I am constrained to hear here depravity, vice in its most odious form uncoiled in this presence, exhibiting its loathsome deformities in accusation and villification against the quarter of the country from which I come; and I must listen to it because it is a necessity of my position, under a common Government, to recognise as an equal, politically, one whom to see elsewhere is to shun and despise. I did not intend to be betrayed into this debate; but I submit to the necessity of my position. I am here now, united with an honoured band of patriots, from the North equally with the South, to try if we can preserve and perpetuate those institutions which others are prepared to betray, and are seeking to destroy; and I will submit to the necessity of that position at least until the work is accomplished."

What followed we give as reported in *The Globe*:

MR. SUMNER'S REJOINDER.

Mr. SUMNER—Mr. President, three Senators have spoken—one venerable with years, and with whom I have had associations of personal regard longer than with any person now within the sound of my voice—the Senator from Michigan. Another, the Senator from Illinois; and the third, the Senator from Virginia.

The Senator from Michigan knows full well that nothing can fall from me which can have anything but kindness for him. He has said on this floor to-day that he listened with regret to my speech. I have never avowed on this floor how often, with my heart brimming full of friendship for him, I have listened with regret to what has fallen from his lips. I have never said that he stood here to utter sentiments which seemed beyond all question disloyal to the character of the fathers and to the true spirit of the Constitution; but this, with his permission, and in all kindness, I do now say to him.

That Senator proceeded very briefly and cursorily to criticise my statement of the Michigan case. Sir, my statement of that case was founded upon the actual documents. No word was mine; it was all from Jackson, from Grundy, from Buchanan, from Benton, from the Democratic leaders of that day. When the Senator criticised me, his shaft did not touch me, but fell upon them. I pass from the Senator from Michigan.

To the Senator from Illinois I should willingly leave the privilege of the common scold—the last word; but I will not leave to him, in any discussion with me, the last argument, or the last semblance of it. He has crowned the audacity of this debate by venturing to rise here and calumniate me. He has said, that I came here, took an oath to support the Constitution, and yet determined not to support a particular clause in that Constitution. To that statement I give, to his face, the flattest denial. When it was made on a former occasion on this floor by the absent Senator from South Carolina (Mr. Butler), I then repelled it. I will read from the debate of the 28th of June, 1854, as published in the *Globe*, to show what I said in response to that calumny when pressed at that hour. Here is what I said to the Senator from South Carolina:

"This Senator was disturbed, when to his inquiry, personally, pointedly and vehemently addressed to me, whether I would join in returning a fellow man to slavery, I exclaimed, 'Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?'"

You will observe that the inquiry of the Senator from South Carolina was, whether I would join in returning my fellow-man to slavery? It was not whether I would support any clause of the Constitution of the United States—far from that. I then proceeded:

"In fitful phrases, which seemed to come from the unconscious excitement so common with the Senator, he shot forth various remarks about 'dogs'; and, among other things, asked if there was any dog in the Constitution? The Senator did not seem to bear in mind, in the heady currents of that moment, that by the false interpretation he has given to the Constitution"—

and in which the Senator from Illinois now joins—

"he has helped to nurture there a whole kennel of Carolina bloodhounds, trained, with savage jaws and inexorable scent, for the hunt of flying bondsmen. No, sir; I do not believe that there is any 'kennel of bloodhounds,' or even any 'dog' in the Constitution of the United States."

I said further:

"Since I have been charged with openly declaring my purpose to violate the Constitution and to break the oath which I have taken at that desk, I shall be pardoned for showing simply how a few plain words will put all this down."

I next proceeded to read from the memorable veto by President Jackson, in 1832, of the Bank of

General Washington. The resolution was reconsidered by a large majority, and laid on the table to await further information—only some half a dozen Pierce men voting to countenance Mr. Everett in his want of firmness.—*New Haven Journal.*

THE SOUTH HONOURS THE RUFFIAN.

From The Petersburg Intelligencer.

We are exceedingly sorry that Mr. Brooks dirtied his cane by laying it athwart the shoulders of the blackguard, Sumner. We regret that he did so, not because Sumner got a lick amiss, not because he was not justly entitled to all he got, and more beside, but because the nasty scamp and his co-scamps will make capital for their foul cause out of the affair. They will raise a howl which will split the public ear about the violation of the privileges of debate, Southern bullying, &c. Master Horace Greeley in particular, will jump out of his boots and breeches, have about four thousand fits, and thus put up the price of asafœtida and burnt feathers throughout the country. Disagreeing with the *Richmond Whig* as to the effect of Sumner's thrashing, we entirely concur with it, that if thrashing is the only remedy by which the foul conduct of the Abolitionists can be controlled, that it will be very well to give Seward a double dose at least every other day until it operates freely on his political bowels. It is true that the cunning rascal is a little too smart to violate the decorum of debate, but his adroit demagoguism and damnable doctrines are infinitely more dangerous to the country than the coarse blackguardism of the perjured wretch, Sumner, who will, to his dying day, remember that *his* Brooks is not the "*running* brooks" that one Shakspeare found "books" in.

From The South-Side Democrat, May 24.

A VIRGINIAN VIEW OF THE ASSAULT ON SENATOR SUMNER—JUSTIFICATION OF BROOKS.—The telegraph has recently announced no information more grateful to our feelings than the *classical* caning which this outrageous Abolitionist received on Thursday at the hands of the chivalrous Brooks of South Carolina. It is enough for *gentlemen* to bear to be compelled to associate with such a character as Sumner, and to be bored with the stupid and arrogant dogmas with which his harangues invariably abound; but when, in gross violation of senatorial courtesy, and in defiance of public opinion, the unscrupulous Abolitionist undertakes to heap upon the head of a venerable Senator a vulgar tirade of abuse and calumny, no punishment is adequate to a proper restraint of his insolence but a deliberate, cool, dignified and *classical* caning. The only regret we have is that the chastisement was not postponed until Sumner had left the Senate. The Senate-Chamber would thus have been prevented from being the scene of such an exhibition, and the cowardly Abolitionist would have been favoured with an opportunity—of which there can be no doubt he would have availed himself—to make his escape.

[*Note.*—The Editor of *The South-Side Democrat* was the regular Democratic candidate for Clerk of the House in the late organization at Washington.]

From The Richmond Examiner.

PEACE HATH HER VICTORIES NO LESS THAN WAR.—Mr. Charles Sumner, Senator from Massachusetts, whose reputation as a scholar rests chiefly upon a discourse on the foregoing text, seems bent upon illustrating his theory in his own person. He concludes a two days' discharge of scholarly platitudes and pedantic dullness by venting a filthy stream of billingsgate on heads hoary with age; answers insult from men who would afford him personal satisfaction with vulgar epithet; and when caned for cowardly vituperation, falls to the floor an inanimate lump of incarnate cowardice and most glorious exemplar of the *man of peace.*

From The Richmond Whig.

A GOOD DEED.—As will be seen by telegraph, Mr. Brooks of South Carolina, after the adjournment of the Senate on yesterday, administered to Senator Sumner, the notorious and foul-mouthed Abolitionist from Massachusetts, an elegant and effectual caning. We are rejoiced at this. The only regret we feel is that Mr. Brooks did not employ a horsewhip or a cowhide upon his slanderous back, instead of a cane. We trust the ball may be kept in motion. Seward and others should catch it next.

[By Telegraph.]

COLUMBIA, S. C., Monday, May 26, 1856.

Contributions are being made in Charleston and Columbia for the purpose of getting up a testimonial for presentation to Preston S. Brooks, whose course is very generally approved in this locality.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Tuesday, May 27, 1856.

A large number of citizens convened here this evening, in pursuance of a call for a meeting to sustain Mr. Brooks, in view of his recent defence of the rights of the South. Several addresses were made, and strong resolutions in approval of the course of Mr. Brooks were adopted.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1856.

THE OUTRAGE IN THE SENATE.

WE have no room this week for the comments which the ruffianly and murderous attack upon Mr. Sumner so naturally suggests. The facts, however, will speak for themselves, and with an eloquence which no commentary could reach. The assault reveals the character of the slaveholder, who, when his favourite "institution" is assailed, is restrained by no law, human or Divine, but starts up at once a ruffian, thirsting for the blood of the assailant. Abolitionists have proclaimed this truth for twenty years, while the North has been deluding herself with the idea that no man was so gentlemanly and chivalrous as he who drives his fellow-creatures to unpaid toil. Mark the fact, that only *two* Southern members of the House (Hoffman, of Maryland, and Humphrey Marshall, of Kentucky—neither of them Democrats) voted in favour of investigating the circumstances of the outrage, while among those voting against it are 62 from the slave States and 6 from the free States—one of the half-dozen being Herbert, of California, who lately murdered one of the waiters at Willard's hotel. See, too, the comments of leading Southern presses in another column, showing clearly that the outrage is generally approved in that part of the country.

In the Senate, on Tuesday, Mr. Slidell (of Louisiana) denied the correctness of Mr. Sumner's statement of the affair, and an exciting debate ensued. He avowed that he had not spoken to Mr. Sumner for two years, and left the Senate to infer that he approved of the attack. Toombs (of Georgia), the man who was hired to come to Boston last Winter to vindicate slavery, and who, while in that city, received the hospitalities of Everett, Choate, Winthrop and other representatives of Boston Hunkerism, avowed in so many words his approval of Brooks's ruffianism. The telegraphic report says:

Mr. BUTLER (S. C.) said he had just arrived in the city, but had he been in Washington he should have assumed all the responsibility taken by his gallant relative. He denied, in the most emphatic manner, the statement of Mr. Sumner that what he had said in his speech was strictly in response to what Butler had said on former occasions. He understood that the Legislature of Massachusetts had passed resolutions in reference to the affray; and when these resolutions should be presented to the Senate, he would speak on the subject as it deserved. Not a single one of Mr. Sumner's remarks in relation to him was a response to anything which he (Butler) had said upon the Kansas question. His friends in South Carolina and some of his friends here thought he (Butler) had been remarkably moderate in the character of his remarks. He had scrupulously avoided saying anything to violate the courtesies of Senatorial debate, and spoke neither of the Senator from Massachusetts, to him or about him.

Mr. WADE said it was impossible for him to sit still and hear such principles avowed as he had heard on this occasion. As to the facts in reference to the assault, he knew nothing about them, and had nothing to say on that point. He was here in a pretty lean minority—not more than about one-fifth of the Senate entertaining opinions similar to his. But when he heard it stated that on this floor an assassin-like, cowardly attack had been made upon a man unarmed and having no power to defend himself, and that he had been stricken down and almost murdered, and then heard a Senator avow that he approved such conduct, it became a matter of some interest and importance to all the members of this body, and especially to the minority. A brave man could not defend himself against such an attack as this, and might be overpowered by numbers, "but, overpowered or not, live or die," said he, "I will vindicate the rights of liberty of debate and the freedom of discussion so long as I live. If the principle announced here is to prevail, let us come armed for the combat. Although you are four to one, I am here to meet you. A man can die in no better cause than in vindication of the rights of debate on this floor. If these are the principles that are to be approved by a majority, and become part and parcel of the law of Congress, let it be understood."

Mr. WILSON thought the explanation of Mr. Slidell was not inconsistent with anything stated by his colleague. He had no idea that Mr. Sumner intended to place Mr. Slidell in a false position. The Senator from Illinois has, he said, also made his explanation, and I see nothing in that inconsistent with the statement of Mr. Sumner. He was stricken down upon this floor by a brutal, murderous and cowardly assault.

Mr. BUTLER (in his seat)—You are a liar.

Mr. STUART called the the Senator to order, and also stated that there was no question before the Senate; it was evident the debate was becoming acrimonious, and he hoped it might be postponed until the matter could be considered with more calmness.

Mr. BUTLER apologized for words which fell from him in a moment of excitement, and said that, in discussing the resolutions of the Massachusetts Legislature, if he should transgress the bounds of propriety, it would be because he was provoked to it. He had never been the aggressor, and he called upon the Senate to bear witness to the fact.

Mr. WILSON resumed. His colleague had stated the facts to the best of his recollection, and it was not to be expected that after such severe blows, which had rendered him unconscious, he could be perfectly accurate in every minute particular. He did not believe he had intended to do injustice to anybody; and when he was again able to take his seat, he would be ready to meet the Senator from South Carolina and others in debate. Meantime, any assumption of superiority by the Senator might pass for what it was worth.

Mr. FOSTER alluded to the avowal of Mr. Toombs that he approved of the conduct of Mr. Brooks, and thought it was incumbent on him, as he had not participated in the debate to any extent, to say a word as to the reasons for his silence. If he remained silent some might suppose it was through fear of like consequences himself. He wished to disabuse the minds of Senators if any such misapprehension existed. He had thus far participated but slightly in debate, because being a new Member he thought it more becoming to listen than to speak. But when such intimations as the Senator (Mr. Toombs) had made, were given, it might be supposed if Senators did not speak, that a principle, base and unworthy as fear, was the reason of their silence. He now wished to assert his entire approval of the freedom of speech, here and elsewhere, to be maintained at whatever cost, and whatever might be the consequence. If a contrary doctrine should ever prevail in this country there would be an end to liberty, for he believed that the liberty of the Press, liberty of Speech, and the liberty of the People would live and die together.

Mr. TRUMBULL expressed his desire to speak on the topic about five minutes, but the hour had arrived for considering the special order.

In the Senate on Wednesday, Mr. PEARCE, from the Select Committee to investigate the facts attending the assault on Mr. Sumner, reported in writing.

The report states that precedents are only to be found in the action of the House of Representatives, the Senate never having been called upon to pronounce judgment in a similar case.

Several precedents are cited, and the Committee come to the conclusion that, although the assault was a violation of the privileges of the Senate, it is not within their jurisdiction, and the offence can only be punished by the House, of which Mr. Brooks is a member. This conclusion, the report continues, is in strict conformity with parliamentary law and the requirements of the Constitution; therefore, the Committee recommend the Senate to make complaint to the House.

With this report the Committee submit a resolution that said report be accepted by the Senate, and a copy of the same, with the accompanying affidavits, be transmitted to the House of Representatives.

The resolution was adopted, Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, alone voting against it.

Correspondence of The Evening Post.

WASHINGTON, May 27, 1856.

The House Investigating Committee, in addition to the declaration of Mr. Sumner, have taken the testimony of twelve or fourteen others, including Governor Gorman, of Minnesota, Senators Pearce, Crittenden and Foster, and Messrs. Jones and Holland, officers of the Senate, all of whom were eye-witnesses. Their evidence corroborates fully Mr. Sumner's statement, so far as it goes, and shows that Brooks had used, in his frequently repeated blows, the sword practice which he exercised as an officer in the Mexican war, making the dragoon strike of one and two, so that, as Sumner, with his head do n, would involuntarily raise an arm on the side where he was struck, the cane would descend upon the wound on the other, and so on, hacking, alternately from one to the other. The Committee have not yet determined to summon Brooks, Keitt, Edmunson, or others who have been suspected of having something to do with the assault, but, if they are summoned, they will be subjected to a strict examination and cross-examination under oath.

MR. SUMNER'S CONDITION.

Special Despatch to The Evening Post.

WASHINGTON, May 28.—Mr. Sumner lies dangerously ill. Last night violent fever commenced, with inflammation of wounds. He remains in bed, to-day, unable to sleep, and no visitors are admitted. T.

From The Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Wednesday, May 28, 1856.

The Senate report to-day on Mr. Sumner's case is an awful abortion—a confession of imbecility as incomprehensible as it is astonishing. It must make the country stare and wonder.

Mr. Sumner passed a sleepless and very painful night, and to-day is in a very critical state. His physician, Dr. Perry, of Boston, has peremptorily forbidden any one to see him, and ordered him to be kept strictly quiet. His head and the glands of his neck are swollen, and the cuts have ulcerated. He has a high fever, his pulse being about a hundred and ten this evening. He has great sensibility to all noise, and a torturing pain in the head. Intelligence was bought to the Senate just before the adjournment that his physician considered the chances to be against his recovery. There is an appearance of erysipelas, a form of inflammation greatly to be dreaded.

Dr. Perry will remain during the crisis of Mr. Sumner's case. The statement of *The Intelligencer* that he had continued his journey South after seeing Mr. S. is of a piece with its other characterization of the transaction, and wholly untrue.

There are plenty of reports flying to-day of challenges and duels arising from the debate in the Senate yesterday. Col. Webb's article, it is understood, will not be followed by pistols and coffee. J. S. P.

THE OUTRAGE AT WASHINGTON—TESTIMONY OF REV. W. H. FURNESS.

OUR Philadelphia Correspondent sends us this week, in lieu of a letter, a Sermon delivered on Sunday last by the Rev. Dr. FURNESS of that city. The chief theme of the Discourse was the late brutal assault committed in the Senate Chamber upon the person of Mr. Sumner. Our thanks are due, on behalf of the cause, to Dr. FURNESS, for his prompt and manly utterances on this occasion, and we are much pleased to have a copy of them for publication in our columns.

Our Correspondent informs us that the Sermon was listened to with the deepest interest, and that when Dr. Furness descended from the pulpit after the services, he was met with the most cordial expressions of approbation and delight. One or two persons showed signs of disapprobation, but the people generally seemed exceedingly pleased.

Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is LIBERTY.—2 Cor. iii., 17.

LIBERTY, then, is is the indication of the Spirit of the Lord. It is the sign of the influence of that Spirit in the hearts of men. Not cathedrals and costly churches, not pompous ceremonials, not Sabbaths and feast days and fast days—Easter and Lent—not morning and evening prayers, not the ringing of church bells, not baptisms and sacraments—not these are the indubitable signs of the presence and power of the Spirit of the Most High; but liberty, liberty to think and to speak what we think; personal, civic, religious liberty, freedom from licentious passions, freedom from inhuman prejudices and superstitions, freedom from everything that fetters and dishonours the better nature of a man—this it is that bears witness to the Spirit of the Lord dwelling in individuals and in nations. This is the grand test of the prevalence and power of religion, pure and undefiled, that religion which is not a creed or a form, not a human device, but the offspring of God; the breathing, the life of the Divine spirit in the heart. Where liberty is, wherever there is a free people, or only a thoroughly free man, a man whom no fear but the fear of God restrains, whom no darling sin holds captive—wherever, I say, such a man is, there God is present in that free soul. In fine, liberty is divine—the Spirit of the Lord.

And wherever God is, wherever the spirit, the life of God is, it manifests itself by its purity, by its effects. The Spirit of God is not an abstraction, a vision a name. What I mean by the Spirit of God is, the life of all life, the creative, active energy of all power. It is never at rest, never idle. It works without ceasing. It is continually producing its beneficent results. That Spirit present now in nature, is rolling the earth through its orbit, and again recreating all around us a new and beautiful world. It is shining in the unfettered light. It is breathing in the free air. That Spirit, present in living hearts, present in a man or a people, is not idle or barren. It inspires the noblest thoughts. It prompts the most eloquent words. It impels to the most generous deeds. It is the source whence come all virtuous qualities, all godlike actions, everything that elevates and adorns human nature. It makes the highest not the oppressors but the protectors of the lowest. It makes the weak strong to rebuke and resist and conquer the mighty. In times of darkness and triumphant iniquity it creates prophets and saints, heroes and martyrs. It is the light and life of mankind. When it is present, not in one or a few, but in many, when it is so prevalent as to be invested and expressed in the public institutions of a large community—just to the extent in which it is thus embodied, thus incarnated (the Spirit of God, that invisible life of which liberty is the invariable accompaniment and sign)—just to that extent, it gushes out in blessings upon that community. It inspires the activity, it accelerates the progress of that people. It multiplies the means of education. It stimulates the inventive faculties. It develops all beautiful arts. It breathes its own life, the omnipotence of God, into the unfettered souls of men; and it makes a community thus inspired, rich in everything that blesses and beautifies human life. It is this true spirit, this spirit of the Lord and of Liberty, which brought to these shores, in the pious and faithful hearts of our fathers, those sacred vessels of the Lord, and, incorporated into the institutions of the Northern States of this Confederacy, has been and still is the fruitful source of *all* the advancement, of which this nation is an unprecedented example.

Listen, I pray you, to what I say. We hear people continually talking about the UNION as the cause of all this wonderful growth, this rapid and stupendous development of power. The Union! What is the Union doing for the South but fastening and keeping fastened upon it the heavy guilt and curse of slavery? Does it help freedom there, or multiply the institutions and diffuse the blessings of freedom in that portion of the land? What does it do for the North, but obliterate the plainest dictates of humanity from our hearts, and violate our dearest rights, and impose upon us the basest offices to which men can be put, the vile work of protecting slavery with all our power, moral and physical? It compels us to hunt human flesh, and to drive back into bondage men, women and children. The Union—has it not at last become appparent, even to the blindest eyes, that it is the Union of a living body with a festering corpse. It is a Union which costs the sacrifice, on our part, of all those principles and qualities which we should be ready to die any death rather than part with, a Union which has involved us again and again in bloody wars, and in the most lavish expenditure of money, and all to perpetuate a system of oppression that reeks with cruelty and blood; a Union, which makes it impossible for a freeman to go South at the risk of being mobbed and lynched; a Union which exposes a man to be assassinated in the very halls of our Federal Legislature, no matter with what official dignity he may be clothed. No, my friends, never did such a Union, a Union by which one party wields the lash and brandishes the club and bowie-knife and the revolver, and the other bares his back and his breast for the blow—never can such a Union be productive of the magnificent improvements which we witness all around us, especially in the free North and West. Not the Union, but the omnipotent Spirit of God, breathing upon this continent, through the institutions of the North—this it is that has brooded over the Western wilderness and made it to burst forth and blossom as the rose, that has multiplied the arts and comforts of life, and scattered thick and fast the blessings of education and of continual progress. For my own part, I believe, before God, that the improvement of these free Northern communities would have been infinitely more rapid and more thorough than it is, that our influence throughout the world would have been vastly more potent, that we should have helped the sacred cause of human liberty and progress far more powerfully on this continent, in Europe and throughout the whole earth, had we not been hampered and fettered and palsied by our guilty participation in legalizing and maintaining the violation of human rights in the person of the Southern Slave. By the testimony of our wisest statesmen (if any intelligent man needs any testimony but that of his own eyes), the slave-interest has been the predominating influence in our National Councils from the very first. It selects all our Executive officers; and it rejects all who have not sold themselves to do its will. It has had from the first exclusive possession of the highest office in the State.

Again I say, my friends, it is not our Union, it is not our written Constitution to which we owe the blessings we enjoy. Not these have created all this wealth, material and intellectual. If the Union were thus beneficent, why does it not create a literature, why does it not give birth to inventive power, all over the country, there as well as here? Why do not these blessings abound at the South as well as at the North? If it is thus active in good, why is there such a monstrous disproportion between one part of the country and the other in respect of the numbers who know how to read and write? Why is it that the South is preëminent only in violence, in injustice and wrong?

I pray you, in understanding, be men. Let us discriminate the true causes of our prosperity. Behold, brethren, it is the Spirit of God, in inseparable and eternal communion and fellowship with liberty, which has blest this people with its abundant fruits, stimulating into life and activity all the best powers and affections of human nature.

As now liberty is the sign and evidence of the Spirit of the Lord, as liberty shows that that Spirit is present, and again, as that Spirit being present, is and must needs be by the very necessity of its nature, active (it being the very definition of spirit in opposition to dead, inanimate matter, that it is full of force, power), as I say, the Spirit, being present, must reveal its presence in its fruits, in the personal qualities, in the virtues which it inspires, in the blessings which it scatters abroad, so, where liberty is not, there the Spirit of God is not. Where slavery is, there the spirit of the Devil is, and this spirit also is active, and brings forth the works of the Devil, and they abound. It maddens into activity all that is base and diabolical in the heart of man. It cuts the reins of reason. It drowns in its brutal roar the sacred voices of conscience and humanity. It renders men blood-thirsty and devilish. And when it gets incorporated into institutions, when it breathes its deadly poison through legal and constitutional forms, then it produces the most appalling devastation, laying waste the human heart, blinding the general mind to the most sacred distinctions, and all around, far and wide, is dilapidated and going to decay, full of ruin and dead men's bones, like the abodes of those destructive monsters and dragons of which the mythology of heathen nations tells. No improvement can have place there. No beautiful arts can flourish. No free thoughts can be expressed or conceived, but only brutal violence, and the wailing of the tortured and the oppressed. But why need I go on with these generalities, when facts are continually occurring directly before all eyes, facts that show that where slavery is, there the spirit of all evil is, there reigns bloody violence, there men are turned into devils? Whose mind is not still burning with indignation at the outrage (the shamefulness of which I have no words to express) which has just been committed at the very centre of our boasted Federal Union? Who does not see there how slavery is doing the work of the Evil One, and trampling upon all honour and all shame? It has desecrated the sacredness of the Senate Chamber, polluting the floor with the blood of the honourable and the free. With ruffian violence, with the baseness of an assassin, it has assaulted one than whom, I take it upon myself to assert, there never sat in the Senate Chamber a man less actuated by political aims or personal ambition, a man who is the very flower of New England culture, whose mind is "wrought all over and inlaid" with the treasures of our opulent literature, a man of the gentlest manners, of winning and habitual courtesy. This consummate gentleman and scholar, this eloquent speaker, who has gone into the United States Senate, moved only by the dear love of freedom, eager only to promote that greatest, holiest of causes, representing Massachusetts, that venerable mother of these States, has been assaulted while seated quietly at his desk and off his guard, by a ruffian who has had the effrontery to rise in his seat in the House of Representatives the next day and talk about his *honour* as a *gentleman*, upon which he claims to be the sole and exclusive perpetrator of the crime. I have no words—I doubt whether the English language can afford any—adequately to express the enormity of this outrage.

It is not a personal matter. It was not a private quarrel or dispute that gave occasion to this outrage. It was nothing that Mr. Sumner said that provoked it. Far severer language than any used by him has been bandied to and fro between these Southern slaveholders, and no bloody assaults have followed, no, not even when the lie was given in the earnest manner to the very same gray haired Senator on whose account Charles Sumner has been so brutally attacked. Mr. Sumner's language was far within the limits of the freedom of debate which is allowed in Congress every day. It must be remembered, too, that until recently he has borne himself with such patience under the rude and ungentlemanly assaults of the partisans of the Slave Power, that it began to be doubted whether there was any spirit of resistance in him, whether he was not altogether too gentle for the ferocious arena into which he had been sent. When at last he was aroused to retort, he employed no weapons but such as have always been considered lawful in debate—ridicule; and I know not which is the more remarkable, the severity with which he treated his opponent, or the care with which he guarded his own dignity and avoided charging him with "intentional aberration," with deliberate misrepresentation. It was not anything Mr. Sumner said that has caused this base act of violence. It was his subject—it was the ground he had taken—it was his assertion of liberty—it was his denunciation of the great crime of slavery—this it is that has exposed him to the peril of assassination.

And it is not solely on Mr. Sumner's account, it is not personal sympathy with him alone that causes the attack upon him to be so deeply felt. It was Freedom that was assaulted in his person. It was those sacred principles for which the earth has been wet with the blood of martyrs, myriads of times, and for which our fathers perished in battle—the fundamental laws of our social constitution—the Spirit of the Lord—this, the Slave Power, in its frenzy, is seeking to quench in honourable blood. It is the principle of all evil striving to put out the light and kill the life of the world. The outrage has a deep and portentous meaning. It tells of something more than the fury of a madman, the brutality of a ruffian. It is an assault upon us all, and when Charles Sumner fell in the Senate Chamber, you and I, and all of us, fell down and the dark spirit of Oppression triumph over us.

By this attack upon Mr. Sumner we are all of us now warned how we dare to speak lightly of our Southern masters—we are taught that they will not permit us to speak disrespectfully of them, and if we do, we must suffer the punishment which they inflict upon their slaves. They are to be allowed to buy and sell men and women, to carry the accursed institution wherever they please, to protect it by all sorts of violence and misrepresentation, but we must bow and tremble before them and be silent. It will never do for us to call things by their right names. What though we claim to be free, what though the common charter of our liberties guarantees to us freedom of thought and speech, what though our manhood, our honour, our humanity, our very life and progress as a free Christian people are wrapt up in the assertion and faithful exercise of these sacred rights of thought and speech, what though we shall as assuredly decay, as the plant from which light and air are kept, if we do not cherish these rights—it is no matter, where slavery is concerned, the greatest of iniquities, where liberty is involved, the greatest of blessings (the sign of the presence of God), we must 'bate our breath and be silent, or, if we presume to speak, we must call darkness light, and put sweet for bitter and bitter for sweet. When the sanctity of the Senate Chamber is violated, when the official dignity of a representative of a sovereign State affords no protection, what man or woman who dares to exercise the right of freedom can be safe from the bloody-minded violence of the Slave Power and of the ruffians which stand guard around it? Who of us who is publicly known to entertain anti-slavery sentiments can venture to visit the South with the slightest security? What protection is the Union to any such? Are they not exposed to be treated and punished as rebellious slaves?

Almost at the very moment that the Senator of Massachusetts is felled to the earth by a slaveholder in the Senate Chamber, and his blood stains the floor, the State of Massachusetts is enaged in repealing the Personal Liberty Bill, which, in a moment of generous enthusiasm for freedom, she recently passed to protect her soil from the sin and shame of the Fugitive Slave law. O the humbling spectacle! O how far beyond the borders of the slave States has the deadly influence of their inhuman institutions extended! The base and cowardly temper of slaves, how fearfully has it depraved Northern hearts!

Were our Southern masters really the chivalrous persons they claim to be, there would be some mitigation of our servitude. It is base to be a slave any how or to any man; but to be the slaves of ruffians and bullies, who assault unarmed men without affording them a chance of self-defence, is too humiliating. If we are to define chivalry by the illustrations which they, who have laid claim to it as their especial virtue, are giving of it, what meaner word is there in the language? Thus defined it is a synonyme of the basest cowardice. Chivalry is generous and great-minded. A little while ago, a city of Virginia was visited by a frightful plague and the cities of the North opened their hearts and hands and what money could do was done to arrest and alleviate that terrible visitation. Thousands of dollars were sent to the relief of the stricken city. The plague vanishes, and Virginia passes laws subjecting Northern vessels to an odious search, the expenses of which are to be borne by the owners of said vessels, and the newspapers of that State teem with contemptuous and offensive remarks upon Northern men and the Northern character. Such is the magnanimous generosity of Southern Chivalry.

How ferociously the Slave Power has raged in the West, in the Territory of Kansas—lynching and murdering—what fearful events are impending there, we all know. I am aware that the intelligence that comes thence is contradictory, so contradictory, as to afford the General Government, sworn to the defence and extension of the slave interest, a pretence and an opportunity of arraying itself on the side of its master to crush out the spark of liberty kindled in the West. But, contradictory as the accounts from Kansas may have been, what the real state of things there is, and on which side the truth lies, no man now needs to doubt. When such acts of ruffianism are committed at the centre, and by men standing high in office, by members of Congress, who kill inoffensive waiters and brutally assault Senators, when such things take place in the centre, what else is to be expected on the borders but just what we hear? The Slave Power is the same in Missouri that it is in Washington. If it will shed blood in the United States Senate, never doubt that it will murder men, women and children in Kansas, and boast itself in the deed. When members of Congress are ruffians, the slaveholding borderers of Missouri are little likely to be gentlemen. I want no further voucher for the truth of all that comes to us from that Territory, in regard to the outrages of the Broder Ruffians upon the right of suffrage, and on the persons of the settlers on that soil.

This brutal outrage is a portentous sign of the time. It erst indicates the approaching and complete triumph of the Slave Power, the extinction of every hope of freedom for our country and for the world; or it tells of civil convulsions which shall tumble our national fabric in the dust. It would seem impossible to aggravate the enormity of this deed, but it is aggravated; a blacker darkness is thrown around it from the fearful indifference with which it has been treated in the House of Representatives. That body, instead of instantly feeling to the quick the gross insult to its honour, the outrageous violation of the first principles of our liberty which has been thus boldly perpetrated, instead of instantly expelling the ruffian who shamelessly avowed the deed, chooses a committee of inquiry, and only a portion of the members vote and the committee is appointed only by a bare majority! If these men at Washington do really represent the country, we may well fold our arms in utter despair, or hold them out and entreat our Southern masters to fasten their manacles on them, and put an end to all suspense at once and forever. If the people do not feel the gross indignity which has been offered to freedom, the violence to which she has been subjected in the person of Mr. Sumner, if we do not feel it any more deeply than our Representatives do, we may as well bend our knees at once in homage to the brutal power that rules us, and our backs to whatever burden it may impose.

But there is one gleam of comfort, and for that I thank God. The people at large are not yet thus stupified by the fell enchantment of the Slave Power. Never before, at any outrage of the Slave Power, no, not even when the Missouri Compromise was violated by the Nebraska bill, has the sense of outrage been so universal, so unanimous as on this occasion. The blind superstitious veneration for the Union which has kept the people of the free States so submissive under the enormities of the Slave Power, is slowly and steadily vanishing away out of the Northern heart. The people are always long suffering. They bear long with their oppressors. They endure many insults and outrages, still, they do not forget, and every new act of violence freshens their memories, and brings up in long array, all the wrongs, all the instances of oppression that have preceded it, and the cup of public indignation is steadily filling and filling, and at last the one drop is added, when the wrath of the people breaks forth like an elemental force of nature, with volcanic fury, and carries everything before it like wind and fire from Heaven. It may not be this outrage or the next, or the next, that will arouse in the people that fiery indignation that shall consume the base despotism that triumphs over us, but the day will come, and every successive outbreak of slaveholding violence is accelerating it, when the spirit of liberty, not dead, not extinct, but slumbering in the heart of the North, will rise and come forth, the spirit of the Most High God, and spurn all control and overwhelm all resistance, and restore our lost rights, and shiver into atoms the fetters of the slave. For this let us pray. In this hope let us live. Shocked and outraged, as I doubt not you are, I beseech you listen to the appeals of Liberty. Study to inform yourselves in regard to all the bearings of the great conflict that is going on between Freedom and Slavery. Be not weary of reading and listening, acquaint yourselves with the most momentous of subjects. Yield no longer to the love of your own ease, or to self-indulgent prejudices, or to ignorant prepossessions. Take care to be thoroughly well informed, and then you will be prepared for any emergency. But, whether prepared or unprepared, whether awake or asleep, the time will come when Northern patience will be exhausted, and the people of the North will be maddened beyond all control, even their own. The great spirit of Liberty will take them in charge and they will be borne around by it like motes by the wind, and then woe to their oppressors and to the iniquities which they uphold!

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM BOSTON.—A friend writes us from Boston, under date of May 25th, as follows:

"The Faneuil Hall Meeting last evening was *fair*—considering who engineered it, and selected its speakers, &c. The Hall was excessively thronged and crowded, but Gov. Gardner, John C. Park, George S. Hillard, and Samuel H. Walley CAN'T speak to our people on the great questions of the times, *as the people wish to be spoken to.* They are too slavish and selfish themselves. Speaker Phelps, of the House, and Baker, President of the Senate, did much better. Young men both, and not trammelled by education to swallow everything that comes from the Boston Hunkers, they spoke to the sense of the people and were loudly cheered. JOHN A. ANDREW spoke nobly, as an honest man will. But WENDELL PHILLIPS, and such as he, were sedulously excluded from the platform!

"Theodore Parker, preached to-day, to 3,000 people—the Music Hall densely packed—a very plain, stern, rousing sermon. The people sat, or *stood*, with the utmost attention and interest, from 10 1-2 to 20 minutes to 1. He said the bludgeon, with which Charles Sumner was felled to the floor by the assassin Brooks, sprang from the "Acorn" in which Thomas Sims was sent from Boston into slavery in Georgia. He held the Boston Hunkers and their "Flunkeys" responsible for the outrage on Sumner, and for the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, for the Kansas Invasion, and for the Reign of Terror there."

HENRY WARD BEECHER ON THE LATE OUTRAGE AT WASHINGTON.

MR. BEECHER, in his discourse on last Sunday evening, took occasion to speak of the late ruffianly assault upon Mr. Sumner. His subject was, Suffering, its necessity and its uses in the development of man and society from a lower to a higher moral plane. The whole scope and substance of his argument was in direct conflict with his previous utterances in favour of armed resistance to despotism, but none the less convincing on that account. We subjoin the following report of that part of his discourse which referred directly to the recent outrage at Washington.

Too long has the North played Atalanta to the Hippomenes of the South; alas, the golden apples have too often lost us the race. There never was a time when money would not buy the silence and acquiescence of the North to any sacrifice for slavery. But the time is coming, in the providence of God, when we shall no longer be deceived. When heroic public men are, in corrupt public places, called and made willing to suffer for manliness, fidelity and plain-speaking, I have great hopes for freedom. I thank God that there are to be martyrs for the cause of human liberty. You will understand me to refer more particularly to a recent occurrence in the Senate Chamber of the United States. Only last week, a Senator, representing one of the most liberal and enlightened States in this Confederacy—a most highly educated, polished, gentlemanly, eloquent and truly Christian man—was felled to the ground, while in the discharge of his duties on the floor of the Senate Chamber, by a man representing the slaveholding State of South Carolina. It is objected that this act was provoked by the speech—that Mr. Sumner merited the chastisement which he got. I deny it. There never would have been such a charge if we did not live in a time when everything is conceded for slavery, and nothing for freedom. Anything is provoking there which is not pro-slavery. The very want of our times is honest-dealing, plain-speaking men, acting out their convictions, not kept, by perplexing and false issues, from real expressions of their feelings. Plain truth has long been needed in that Senate Chamber. Mr. Sumner's speech was just what men longed to hear, so long had they been nauseated by rank doughfaceism. It contained truths which, save within a few years past, the Senate has never listened to. The miscalled prudence of public men, on the subject of slavery, has its example in the Church. Witness the spectacle of two great representative bodies in New York, endeavouring to dodge explicit and efficient testimony on the most gigantic wrong of this century. I do not agree with many in characterizing this man Brooks as an isolated ruffian, or his act as an exception to the general character of the class to which he belongs. On the contrary, it is but a single typical act, one of ten thousand apples that grow on the same tree. There are fifteen States in this Union where freedom of speech is not permitted. There are fifteen States in this Union where Mr. Sumner's speech would have been the death of the man who dared to give it utterance. The time is coming when, if a man will speak the truth, he must pay for it by suffering, and thereby dignify it, and make it respected.

Word has come to us to-day, from another quarter, and, if the words be true, while we at home are enjoying our ease, our friends in Kansas have been murdered, or driven out from their homes, and the town of Lawrence reduced to a heap of smoking ruins by an infuriated pro-slavery mob. All of this has been done under pretence of following State laws, and oh! most shameful of all, under the authority and guidance of these United States, backed by all of the Federal authority vested in President Pierce. I will not go into the details of this case. Not, however, because I am deterred by the sacredness of this place. For if I did not testify against these things, the very walls would cry out against me. The pulpit is the place for the utterance of such condemnation as these atrocities deserve. It was through the ministers of the Gospel that our fathers were aroused to do battle against their oppressors. The pulpit was the cradle of liberty, and it will not let it be choked out, without raising the voice of warning. While I sorrow for the sufferings of that people, while they have my profoundest sympathies, I thank God that this thing has come to pass. Freedom wanted a baptism in blood. We are entering upon a new era. I am not a prophet nor the son of a prophet; but one thing I do know, that there is to be a conflict which will not cease until Oppression is victorious or Liberty has swept this infernal wrong into the sea. This is not a sectional struggle: the sectionalism is merely accidental. It is a conflict of principles; it is whether man is born for freedom or bondage. I don't think the world has ever shown an instance where armed oppressors have given up one jot or tittle of their power until it was wrenched from their hands. The time has come when we must wrench the sceptre from their hands, or they will crush us. The time has come when men must show their hands and be for man and God, or against man and God. Let us understand that suffering, on our part, will be the bond of fellowship between us and the Son of God. So great is the change taking place in the minds of men that I should not wonder if, in two or three years, there should be men who will reproach me for being so conservative. It is usually the case that those who come last to the fight rush into the front ranks to do battle against the enemy. Let me say one word to you, my brethren: I bid you God-speed in that work to which you shall be called; be firm, be fearless. Never forget that the oppressors are just as much your brethren as we are. It is not necessary that you should go into the contest with rashness, vituperation and anger. Remember that those battles are unsanctified that are fought in the mere spirit of men. For myself I have but one course. You shall bear me witness that I have uttered but one word since I have occupied this pulpit as your pastor. When I delivered my first sermon here, I stood just where I stand now. Then I predicted to you that these things would come to pass. In 1850, I visited you, from store to store, from house to house, from man to man, and besought you to stand for the principles of freedom, and, I thank God, you did. I don't believe that one of you ever fell so far as to join the Castle Garden Alliance. And the very men who then shouted compromise! compromise! and promised to give peace, are now, as I predicted they would be, hopelessly bankrupt. So I told you in regard to the dissolution of the Missouri Compromise. And so I tell you now. There is but one way out of it. There is but one feeling among true Christians in this land—Liberty must have her birthright. There is but one way of peace. If you go with your hands heavenward, and your hearts hellward, you will go hellward. Of all suffering, that is the keenest which arrays brother against brother; but if, in the providence of God, it is by such means and through such suffering that we, as a nation, are to be lifted one plane higher in spiritual being, I would bear my part willingly. It was by such suffering that liberty had its birth in Germany; so liberty was born in England; so did it once come into being in America; and so, I fear, it will have again to come. But through what scenes and sufferings is known only to God. When the time does come, I hope every lover of liberty will be true to his principles. For the rest, our only hope is in Heaven.

REIGN OF TERROR IN KANSAS.

THE daily journals are freighted with intelligence of a most exciting character from Kansas. Our columns are so crowded by Mr. Sumner's speech and the record of events springing therefrom, that we have only room to announce in the briefest manner that the city of Lawrence has been invaded by a force of Border-Ruffians, and that the Free State Hotel, two

Miscellaneous Department.

MAY.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

May! thou month of rosy beauty!
Month when pleasure is a duty;
Month of maids that milk the kine—
Bosom rich and breath divine:
Month of bees, and month of flowers;
Month of blossom-laden bowers;
Month of little hands with daisies,
Lover's love, and poet's praises;
Oh, thou merry month complete—
May!—that very *name* is sweet!

May was *maid* in olden times,
And is still in Scottish rhymes:
May's the blooming hawthorn bough;
May's the month that's laughing now.
I no sooner write the word,
Than it seems as though it heard,
And looks up and laughs at me,
Like a sweet face, rosily;
Like an actual colour bright,
Flushing from the paper's white;
Like a bride that knows her power,
Startled in a summer bower.

If the rains that do us wrong
Come to keep the winter long,
And deny us thy sweet looks,
I can love thee, sweet! in books—
Love thee in the poet's pages,
Where they keep thee green for ages;
Love and read thee, as a lover
Reads his lady's letter over,
Breathing blessings on the art
Which commingles those that part.

There is May in books forever;
May will part from Spencer never;
May's in Milton—May's in Prior—
May's in Chaucer, Thomson, Dyer;
May's in all the Italian books;
She has old and modern nooks,
Where she sleeps with nymphs and elves
In happy places they call shelves,
And will rise and dress your rooms
With a drapery thick with blooms,
Come, ye rains, then, if ye will,
May's at home, and with me still;
But come, rather thou, good weather!
And find us in the fields together.

*DIXON'S LIFE OF PENN.**

From The London Times.

The time has gone past at which it would have been appropriate to review Mr. Dixon's *Life of William Penn*, for that work has been received as a satisfactory biography, compiled with care out of the best material extant. In furtherance of his researches Mr. Dixon had the advantage of the exclusive resources of the Society of Friends, who were interested in the reputation of their most distinguished chief; and he used his materials and facilities with unquestionable talent. Not, however, on Mr. Dixon's account—not on account of Penn, nor of the quiet sect who are zealous for his fame—but because a more recent literary question is involved, do we notice the remarkable preface to Mr. Dixon's last edition.

This question affects the character of Mr. Macaulay's history, on a topic to which we did not ourselves advert, and suggests the still more general discussion of the obligations of a popular historian. What are his privileges as a narrator of events or a delineator of character? Is his zeal to preserve the consistency of his picture to render him inaccessible to correction? If he is exposed to the citation of facts which may contradict his first impressions, or if he is liable to suggestions which invalidate his conclusions, at what time and in what manner is he to take cognizance of these? What is the latitude of his reticence? The question is important in a literary sense, not because it verges upon the quarrels or amenities of authors, nor because it may be considered among the curiosities of literature, but because it involves the vindication of a law of the republic of letters—the law which provides that its citizens shall enjoy a free conference, and that, in proportion to the importance of their communications, they shall be entitled to equal consideration.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon is the appellant in this instance. In the first edition of his *Memoir of William Penn* it was at issue with Mr. Macaulay on the more important charges, made by the latter against Penn, in the first two volumes of his *History of England*. The questions between them were questions of fact rather than of opinion, for Mr. Dixon adduced circumstances which, uncontradicted or unexplained, seemed to convict Mr. Macaulay of some important errors or oversights. Mr. Dixon placed these statements in a chapter by itself, which he considerately withdrew when the popular edition of his *Penn* was passing through the press—induced to do so, as he now tells us, by the impression that Mr. Macaulay would acquiesce in what he had reason to believe was the common verdict. Mr. Macaulay, however, has neither acquiesced nor replied. He has not withdrawn his charges against Penn, nor condescended to notice the facts adduced in his behalf.

"In the 11th edition of his *History of England*, bearing the date of 1856, Penn still appears as the pardon-broker who accepted an infamous commission from the maids of honour—as the agent employed to seduce Kiffin—as endeavouring to persuade the Prince of Orange to support the Declaration of Indulgence—as a tool of the Jesuits—and as trying to corrupt the Fellows of Magdalen. Not a word is withdrawn. No charge is softened. All proofs of mistake are overlooked. In the third and fourth volumes of the *History of England*, the same principle of incessant accusation prevails. Every reference to Penn is accompanied by an epithet. His conduct is spoken of as 'scandalous,' his life as 'unfavourable to moral purity,' his word as 'a falsehood.' Yet, from first to last, not one fact inconsistent with the highest character and the purest principle is proved against Penn."

In consequence of this obduracy, and to sustain his own presentment of Penn's character, Mr. Dixon has replied upon the whole case as it stands in the four volumes now published. He has thus (to take a metaphor from Archbold or Chitty) applied a rule to show cause why a *mandamus* should not issue from some literary Queen's Bench, enjoining Mr. Macaulay to make certain alterations specified, with reference to Penn, in the next edition of his history.

If Mr. Macaulay's charges can indeed be clearly disproved, it is not material that they are not original, and this part of Mr. Dixon's pleading we do not heed. Of the charges there alleged to be false, there are eight, and the *first* is the most serious, viz., that Penn extorted money from the friends of the Taunton school-girls for the benefit of the maids of honour. To this Mr. Dixon replies, there is an error in identification. A Mr. Penne did negotiate, in this case, in the capacity of a pardon-broker, and, as such, was addressed in a letter by Sunderland. But this Penne was not William Penn, as Mr. Macaulay would have it, but a certain George Penne, of whose existence, of whose general character, and of whose trafficking in pardons for the Taunton rebels, there is sufficient evidence. Mr. Dixon produces a memorandum of certain money paid to George Penne by John Pinney, of Bristol, in this very behalf. He further identifies him a lottery-broker, and subsequent applicant for a patent of gaming-tables in America; and he leaves Mr. Macaulay under the imputation of having confused two persons who are entirely distinct and apparently unconnected.

The *second* charge of Mr. Macaulay is, that Penn tried to seduce Kiffin, an eminent Dissenter, into subservience to James's views by the offer of an alderman's gown, but that he was employed to no purpose. Mr. Dixon retorts Kiffin's own account of the transaction, observing that he was a Baptist, a friend and co-religionist of Penn's adversary, Hicks, and that he had no inducement to hide any worldly weaknesses of the insinuating Quaker. Kiffin states that he went to Penn, not that Penn came to him; that Penn, instead of being employed by the king or court in the work of seduction, was engaged, at the instance of Kiffin himself, in endeavouring to excuse him from the appointment: that Penn was employed to no purpose, but not in Mr. Macaulay's sense, seeing that "the next court day I (Kiffin) came to the court and took upon me the office of alderman." So much for Penn's alleged attempt to seduce Kiffin, and for the simultaneous allegation of its failure.

The *third* charge of Mr. Macaulay is, that Penn, by writing and speech, endeavoured to obtain the assent of the Prince of Orange to the Declaration of Indulgence. As to "speech," Mr. Dixon sets up an *alibi*. Penn was never at the Hague so late as April, 1687, the date when the Declaration was first issued. He was at the Hague in the Summer of 1686, and discussed the subject of toleration with the Prince, when the Prince and the Princess declared in favour of it. And, as to letters, there is no proof that he wrote any letters on either subject, while Burnet contains "not one word" in support of such an assertion.

The *fourth* charge is, that Penn was employed to terrify, caress or bribe the Fellows of Magdalen; and the question is one of construction. Mr. Dixon states that the Fellows gave evidence to the effect that Penn's influence was used in their behalf—not against them; that Mr. Macaulay relies on an anonymous letter, which he ascribes to Penn, but which Penn did not write; that, at the last interview which took place, Penn sportively suggested that Hough might be made a bishop; that his suggestion was understood as sport; and that Hough himself declared emphatically, "I thank God he did *not* offer at any proposal by way of accommodation."

The *fifth* charge is, that Penn's statement to the Council, that he did not wish to see James restored, was a falsehood; and to this it is replied that Penn's statement agreed with his political convictions; that he was opposed to the influence of the Jesuits; that he was opposed to the order commanding the Declaration of Indulgence to be read in the churches; that he advised the release of the bishops; that he pleaded for an amnesty to the exiles; that he counselled James to be content with a toleration of his religion, and, "above all things, to be cautious in his connection with France, lest the country should be discontented;" that James had run counter to his views in all these particulars; and that, although, as Penn's guardian and friend, Penn might still esteem him in his private capacity, his statement that he did not wish to see him restored as King is obviously in accordance with probability.

The *sixth* charge is, that Penn told Lord Sidney "something very like a lie, and confirmed it by something very like an oath," while Sidney never hints that this was *his* impression. The *seventh* and *eighth* charges are to the same effect, that he did his best to procure James's restoration by means of an invading force; and to these it is replied that the words which countenance this imputation, and which are applied to Penn by Williamson, an obscure spy, are also applied by him to a number of others; that Williamson, professing to report the desires of many eminent persons, including Penn, has reported them all in the same words: that his testimony is, therefore, properly rejected by historians; moreover, that the encouragements to invasion, mentioned by Avaux, were obviously offered by the Jacobites of Scotland, and that the letter to that effect, said to have been written by Penn to James, is imaginary, and that Mr. Macaulay has not even secondary evidence of its existence.

On all of these points issues are raised, some of which can be disposed of—in some of which the preponderance of evidence seems decisive. The question is independent of the merits of Penn. He may or may not, as Swift avers, have "spoken agreeably and with spirit." He may or may not, as Burnet describes, have had "a tedious, luscious way, that was not apt to overcome a man's reason, though it might tire his patience." But, at all events, he could not have been at the same time "a good and a great man," according to Mr. Dixon, and an extortionate, seducing, intimidating, simoniacal scoundrel, and perjured traitor, according to Mr. Macaulay. The evidence must warrant an election between such discrepancies as these, and Mr. Dixon is quite right in moving for a decision. Mr. Macaulay should come into court, and, without prejudging the result, if the authority lay with us, we would say, following our legal metaphor—"Mr. Dixon, take your rule."

* *William Penn: an Historical Biography, founded on Family and State Papers.* By Hepworth Dixon. New edition, with a preface, in reply to the accusations of Mr. Macaulay. London: Chapman and Hall. 1856.

BOOKSELLERS IN OLD TIMES, AND BOOKSELLERS NOW.

In all things there is progress. As the world gets older it becomes wiser. Its channels of trade and commerce, and its intellectual growth and strength widen and increase in corresponding ratio. We no longer are compelled to delve, as our forefathers did, into deep and dusty recesses, to find the records of the wise men; our theology is not cramped within walls, into which the light of day never by any possibility enters; nor is the last new issue of the press fastened to some convenient pillar in a dusky hall, confined by a chain that no one dares to break, and so kept away from popular use and popular enjoyment. Thought, word, action and enterprise are free; and it is not the least of the triumphs of civilization that the press may speak when, where and as it pleases. Like all other classes in the community, that numerous and now influential body which furnishes the fit clothing for the thoughts of the great writers, and decks them out in resplendent gilt and purple, has improved upon its first attempts. Where long lines of well-filled shelves now stand, where the plate-glass window is decorated with tempting heaps of rich and valuable works, and where thousands of dollars annually pass back and forth in the transaction of a lucrative and honourable line of trade, there was once nothing but the most humble beginnings. And still further back in the history of the book trade, there was no opportunity whatever for the exercise of a spirit of enterprise and the exhibition of the industry which now animates authors, publishers, readers, and keeps great presses busily plying, from day to day and from year to year, with the speed of steam.

It has been well said by Macaulay, that from the day on which the emancipation of our Literature was accomplished, the purification of our Literature began. "During a hundred and sixty years," he adds, "the liberty of our press has been constantly becoming more and more entire; and during those hundred and sixty years the restraint imposed on writers by the general feeling of readers has been constantly becoming more and more strict; love-songs, comedies, novels, have become more decorous than the sermons of the seventeenth century." There was a time when it was ordered that no book should be published in England except in London, Oxford or Cambridge; there was a licensing act; there was a censorship; but of all these bars and restrictions English literature has got rid, and the American never knew seriously what it was to experience them.

Two centuries only have passed since the making and selling of books began to form a distinct, or in any way an important branch of the business pursuits of men who spoke the English tongue. During fourteen years which elapsed from 1666 to 1680, the whole number of books printed in England was 3,550. Out of this small aggregate, so fierce was the war of religious controversy in those days, not less than 947 were works on divinity—or nearly one thousand out of 3,500 upon subjects in dispute which could have possessed only a partial and limited and certainly an evanescent interest. Four hundred and twenty of the number were books on law, and one hundred and fifty on physic—so that the great majority of the publications upon which our great-great-grandfathers regaled their intellects from 1666 to 1680 were not such as we, their great-great-grandchildren, peremptorily demand for our instruction, edification and daily amusement. We want miscellaneous literature; they demanded the solid meat; we demand art and science, and romance and poetry—they, only controversial sermons and tracts, solemn works which imparted an odour of sanctity to him that read and him that sold them. But this was only during a given period, and the average was only 250 new books per annum; times changed, the poets had their day, and although Paradise Lost had a narrow escape from the loss of its principal beauties through the mad jealousy of the powers of the censorship, still the world who read in English began to read faster, and booksellers began to abound and flourish. It is narrated that in the fire of London in 1666, the booksellers of London, dwelling about St. Paul's, lost stock to the value of £200,000; Evelyn declares that these books in quires were usually stowed for safe-keeping in the vaults of the Cathedral, and in those of the neighbouring churches.

The increase in the number of books annually printed seems to have been peculiarly rapid after the reign of Queen Anne. The progress which we are required to trace through the gradually developing channels of trade and enterprise, indicates pretty clearly that the growth took place somewhat in the following way: The embryo was the occasional issue of a news-letter, a small sheet in manuscript, which contained all the news of the day which the transcriber was not too indolent to procure, and which was presently worn out, became illegible, and so was cast away and was soon seen no more; that next in order came the printed news-letter, sometimes under one name and sometimes under another, as fancy prompted; that this was occasionally published and sold at as cheap a figure as possible, but which would seem dear enough to us who enjoy cheap newspapers and plenty of them, and that it was followed in due course by the serial publications of the *Spectator* School, and these again by the school of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, an issue which, beginning in 1831, or precisely a century and a quarter ago, has inaugurated that vast class of periodical Magazine literature which to-day is one of the most prominent literary features of English and American cotemporary history. A newspaper-reading community do not read the papers only; for the taste of one leads to the selection of a class of reading which is not ephemeral but lasting, and just as the first regular printing was the publication of newspapers, so the printing and publication of books and papers have grown and strengthened together; a newspaper reader must have his book, and the book-worm reads the papers, if for nothing else than to see what they say of books.

Thirty years after Caxton introduced printing into England, it was begun in Scotland, and in Edinburgh it is now one of the most important of all the branches of trade that are carried on in that metropolis. The establishment of the Messrs. Chambers stands as the representative of the class; and perhaps no single house in Great Britain is able to show an equal amount with this concern of works issued for years past for the peculiar use and improvement of the masses of the people: their *Information for the People, Edinburgh Journal, Chambers's Miscellanies*, &c., are well known to have enjoyed remarkable sales, due undoubtedly both to the excellence of the works themselves, and the extraordinarily cheap rate at which they have been issued. In Ireland, printing was unpractised before the year 1700, and there are few prominent book-making or bookselling establishments in that island this day.

The first printing press established in America was set up at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in the year 1638. The first work issued was "The Freeman's Call," and the second was the first number of the old New England Almanac; the New England Version of the Psalms was soon after published in an octavo of 300 pages, and then books began to multiply from presses which had been established in Boston, Philadelphia and New York—yet it is recorded that in 1700 there were only four printing-presses in all the colonies, and it was not until many years afterwards, nor indeed until the commencement of this century, that the art of book-making came to be considered as a pursuit which demands skill and taste, as well as capital and hard labour.

We have already shown, in former articles in this paper, that the growth of the book-trade keeps pace with the advance of civilization, and that the latter is never complete without the admixture of that literary taste which sharpens and governs the minds of the reading public; for a reading public is just as essential a part of a civilized society as the railroads and telegraphs, without which we could not persuade ourselves that living is possible. From humble beginnings in the mother country, and from the most modest first attempt here, our trade in books has reached a position in which it governs millions of capital, furnishes employment to thousands of hands, and keeps busily engaged the brain of the diligent authors who to-day are improvising something new and extraordinary for announcement upon the bulletins of next week. That the trade is prospering is manifest by a number of indications, none of which can be mistaken. One is the present lack of those appeals to claptrap excitement that old Roger North uttered his complaint against: "The booksellers," said he, "crack their brains to find out selling subjects, and keep hirelings in garrets on hard meat," a thing which no bookman in these days, we will be bound, finds it at all necessary to do; for, if anything, the positions are reversed, and non-selling authors sometimes prove too much for the strength of the good-humoured publisher; there will be unsaleable books, that even a hungry reading public will not buy, and there is only cause for thankfulness that there are no more of them. Another evidence of the fact to which we alluded is discernible in the care that is exercised by the publishers in adapting their new issues to the popular taste (not always, as we have hinted, with entire success, but in the main usually so), as well as in the remarkable pains bestowed upon the adornment of their publications, in the care that is taken to procure the finest of paper, the clearest of type, the best ink and pasteboard, and muslin and gold-leaf, and experienced workmen. To take down from our shelves, as we did to-day, a rusty volume of Buffon, printed in London, in what was the finest style of the art at the heel of the last century, and to compare its coarse-grained paper and faded ink with the pure tints and superb bindings of the last issues from the presses of our great publishing-houses, was to be reminded simply that the world has got along bravely of late years, and that not the least brave of all its movements is that which is upturning old notions of men's wants and putting in their place such visible signs of improvement as those of which we are irresistibly reminded by the hasty comparison of the old and the new.—*Publishers' Circular.*

THE YOUTH OF SALVATOR ROSA.

The life of Salvator, also, abounded in that romance and vicissitude which seemed inseparable from the lives of the Neapolitan artists of this period. His father was Vito Antonio Rosa, an achitect and land surveyor; and his mother, Giulia Grecca, was descended from a family of artists. Both were exceedingly poor; in their experience the fine arts and starvation were closely allied, and they consequently resolved that their son should not be an artist, and, above all, that he should not be a painter. The richest preferments, the greatest powers were then lodged in the hands of the clergy, and it was, therefore, determined that a churchman Salvator should become. The child, however, in spite of his future holy vocation, proved a perfect imp of mischief, and soon earned the name of Salvatoriello; but, even at this early period, the subtile and brilliant organization of the future painter of "Cataline's Conspiracy" displayed its germs in a passion for music and drawing. Like his great Spanish contemporary, Velasquez, he covered every scrap of paper he could procure with rude representations of whatever he saw; picturesque scenery and fragments of antique architecture attracting his childish attention, and showing thus early the dawning of that genius which afterwards rendered him the greatest landscape painter of Italy. His first inspirations were drawn from the magnificent scenery of Pausilippo and Vesuvius; and, in spite of chiding and discouragement when shut up to do penance for his wanderings, he covered the walls of his father's dilapidated mansion with drawings from the scenery of his favourite haunts, executed with burnt sticks. He was doomed to expiate this fault by attendance at all the services of the great church of the Certosa, during the season of Lent. One day he brought with him to the church his bundle of burnt sticks, and amused himself by drawing with these upon the blank spaces between the pillars of the magnificent cloisters. Whilst engaged in this sacrilegious employment, the prior and procuratora issued from the choir, ready armed with scourges, with which, at this season, it was their duty to flog the lay brothers of the convent, and a tremendous flagellation, administered with most holy severity, was the reward of young Salvator's devotion to the fine arts. But the love of painting was too deeply-seated, too thoroughly identified with his whole being, to be thus scourged out of him. His aversion to the ecclesiastical profession was invincible; and vain were the efforts of a devotee mother, and the schemings of a poor and ambitious father, to alter the fixed bent of his genius. He was sent to the Collegio della Congregazione Somasca, belonging to the Jesuits, and situated in the older part of Naples. Here he studied the classics with enthusiasm and success, and amassed that varied erudition displayed in his future pictures and poems. When the classical studies, so congenial to his fervid and imaginative temperament, were completed, he was obliged to devote himself to the barbarous scholastic philosophy, upon whose quibbles and sophisms so many noble intellects have wasted their energies. But to him this study was utterly distasteful; he could not endure the yoke of Aristotle and Scotus, nor that of the Jesuit fathers; and the result was his expulsion from the college, before he had completed its full curriculum. He was in his sixteenth year when he thus abandoned all hopes of ecclesiastical preferment.

For some time after his return to the ruined *casaccia* of his father, on the hill of Ranella, Salvator appears to have devoted most of his attention to the study and practice of music. His *canzone* became the most popular in Naples; he himself had a delightful voice, which he accompanied on the lute,

> And tuned the softest serenade
> That e'er on starlit waters played
> At midnight to Italian maid.

Dr. Burney, when at Rome, in 1770, purchased the music-book of Salvator from his grand-daughter, and in his "History of Music," after commenting on the fact that the historians of Italian poetry, though often mentioning Salvator as a satirist, seem to have been ignorant of his lyrical compositions, he remarks of this book: "Other single airs by Luigi and Legrenze, the words by Salvator Rosa, fill up the volume, in which there is nothing so precious as the musical and poetical compositions of Rosa."

About this time Francesco Francanzani, a talented young artist and a scholar of Spagnoletto, married the beautiful but portionless sister of Salvator, whose first efforts as a painter were made in the studio of his brother-in-law. He manifested remarkable talent in these crude attempts; but his genius was then, as it continued throughout life, too impetuous to submit to any system of rules or academical training. He soon left his relative's studio for the great storehouse of nature, departing at dawn with the materials for oil painting, and spending the whole day in communion with nature. He not only sketched, but coloured on the spot, and to this early practice he probably owed much of the freshness, force and truth which his landscapes subsequently displayed.

At this time it was the custom in Italy for young artists to leave home in order to make the tour of the most celebrated schools and galleries of painting. This was termed making their *giro*. Salvator complied with the ordinary routine, but in a most extraordinary way. Others might repair to the schools of Rome, Florence, Venice, or Bologna; he determined to be the scholar of nature alone. He loved to wander amidst the wilds of Calabria, the solitudes of the Abruzzi, the ruins of Pœstum, or along those winding shores where, by the blue Mediterranean, lie the ruins of the once famous cities of Magna Grecia. The deep ravines, the rugged rocks, the lofty mountains, the dark woods, the ever varying sky, the storm-lashed sea, were the objects of his study, and the teachers before whom he bowed. He was eighteen when he started on his *giro*, and whilst engaged in studying amidst the mountains of Calabria, the wildest and most elevated of the Apennines, he was captured by banditti, with whom he remained for a long time, acquiring that accurate acquaintance with their costume and manner of life, which afterwards proved so useful to him.

Salvator returned home from his wanderings only to receive the last sigh of his father, and to have the burden of a helpless and utterly destitute family thrown entirely upon his shoulders. He was then a youth under twenty, without friends, money or interest. His portfolio teemed with splendid sketches, his hand was rapid and facile, his genius fertile in resources; but the curse of poverty was upon him, and he had to labour all day in a miserable garret, and then to steal out at nightfall to sell his day's work to the *rivenditori* at their own prices, in order to procure a morsel of bread.—*Eclectic Review.*

THE BOWYER BIBLE.

We find the following paragraph in late papers. Who was Mr. Bowyer? William Bowyer, the learned English printer, was born, according to Orme, in London, 1699, and died in 1777. But *this* Mr. Bowyer commenced his work, it is said, in "1800, and spent more than twenty-four years at it." Was he a son of the former? The former, it would seem, according to Horne, published a "*Cabinet Bible*, splendidly illustrated with upwards of *eight hundred* very fine historical engravings of the principal events recorded in sacred history, a great number of which are *very scarce*, remarkably neatly affixed to the blank leaves, *a matchless copy*, 8 vols. royal 8 vo., superbly bound in blue turkey, with appropriate devices on the sides, silk linings and gilt edges, £84." But the copy mentioned below is in 45 vols., folio; "illustrated by at least six thousand engravings," and cost "originally 4,000 guineas!" Did the son resolve to surpass the father? Only *two copies*, it seems, were prepared: the one in the British Museum being far inferior to the other, consisting of only 7 volumes, and these without engravings. Was the type set for these two copies alone? or, were the sheets of an existing edition used, for division, illustration and binding? Again, were the engravings made expressly for these copies? And of what *character* are these engravings? Mere idealities of eminent artists, fancy sketches of no real value, or trustworthy representations of actual objects named in the text? It is one thing to *adorn* a single copy of the Book with *heathenish pictures*, and mere *arts of binding*; and quite another thing, to magnify the word of God by making its truth and love more beautiful, glorious, and mighty in the world-wide work of repentance, faith, and salvation.

"Costly Bible.—At a recent sale in England of the library of a deceased gentleman named John Albinson, of Boston, a Bible was sold which cost originally, with the oak cabinet containing it, the sum of four thousand guineas. It was sold under the hammer for $2,750. It consisted of 45 volumes, elegantly bound, and illustrated by at least six thousand engravings, executed by about six hundred of the most celebrated engravers, and from the works of eminent artists from the year 1450 to the time of its completion. Mr. Bowyer, a publisher, commenced the work of getting up this edition of the Bible, in London, in the year 1800, and spent more than twenty-four years at it. He produced two folio copies, one of which is in the British Museum, in seven volumes. It does not contain the engravings mentioned, but the magnificence of its printing, illuminating, binding, &c., makes it a curiosity. The other copy is the one sold as above stated. The cost of the engravings was $16,500. It is contained in a richly carved antique oak cabinet which cost $750. This splendid work is known by the name of the Bowyer Bible."

THE BLIND BAIRN.

BY ISA.

Isa was discovered (says *Chambers's Journal*) like a wild violet, by the worthy proprietor of the *Scotsman*, and, notwithstanding her mechanical occupation, is received and cherished by families in a more prosperous condition. Being a gentle, modest, simple, genuine Scottish lassie, we will allow her to speak to the hearts of our readers in her native Doric:

> The wee blind beggar bairnie sits
> Close to that woman's feet,
> An' there he nestles frae the cauld,
> An' shelters from the heat.
> I ken nae if he be her ain,
> But kindly does she speak,
> For blessed God makes woman love
> The helpless an' the weak.
>
> I'm wae to see his wistfu' face,
> As weary day by day
> He cowers sae still an' silent there,
> While ither bairnies play.
> The sigh that lifts his breastie comes,
> Like sad winds frae the sea,
> Wi' sic a dreary sough, as wad
> Bring tears into yer e'e.
>
> I'm wae to see his high braid broo,
> Sae thotchfu' and sae wan;
> His look o' care, that were mair fit
> For a warld-weary man.
> Oh! the dark emptiness within,
> Thochts, that no rests can know,
> An' shapeless forms that vex him,
> Wi' their hurrying to an' fro.
>
> An' now she lifts him in her arms,
> His wakin' nicht is past,
> An' round his sma' and wasted form
> Her tattered shawl is cast.
> His face is buried in her neck,
> An' close to her he clings,
> For faith an' love has filled his heart,
> An' they are blessed things.
>
> She bears him through the bustlin' crowd,
> But noo he fears nae harm,
> He 'll sleep within her bosom noo—
> To him it 's saft and warm.
> Oh, her ain weary heart wad close
> In wretchedness an' sin,
> But he keeps in 't an open door,
> For God to enter in.

ST. MARTIN—THE WONDER OF THE WORLD.

From The American Phrenological Journal.

All medical men, and many others, will recollect Dr. Beaumont's account of Alexis St. Martin, who had his side shot away, and an opening made in his stomach by means of which the process of digestion could be noted.

This man, St. Martin, is now in our city, in excellent health; we have seen the man and the orifice in his stomach, and present to our readers an excellent likeness of him, from a daguerreotype, by Farrand, of this city, and the first that was ever taken of him.

A brief sketch of the man will interest all our readers. He is a Canadian, of French descent, and was born some twenty-five miles from Montreal. On the 6th of June, 1822, when about 18 years of age, he was engaged in the service of the American Fur Company, and was accidentally wounded by the discharge of a musket loaded with duck shot. The charge tore off the muscles, carrying away half the sixth rib, lacerating the left lobe of the lungs as well as the diaphragm, and perforating the stomach. A portion of the lung, as large as a turkey's egg, lacerated and burnt, and just below this a portion of the stomach, of equal size, protruded from the wound, the food at the same time passing from the orifice thus made in the stomach. We give a few extracts from "Dr. Beaumont's Physiology and Experiments." This work, embracing the experiments on St. Martin, is the foundation of nearly all the positive knowledge now possessed by the world on the subject of digestion.

"On the fifth day a partial sloughing of the integuments and muscles took place. Some of the protruded portions of the lung, and lacerated parts of the stomach, also sloughed, and left a perforation into the stomach, plainly to be seen, large enough to admit the whole length of my forefinger into its cavity; and also a passage into the chest, half as large as my fist, exposing to view a part of the lung, and permitting the free escape of air and bloody mucus at every respiration."

"A violent fever continued for ten days, running into a typhoid type, and the wound became very fetid."

"On the eleventh day a more extensive sloughing took place, the febrile symptoms subsided, and the whole surface of the wound assumed a healthy and granulating appearance."

"For seventeen days all that entered his stomach by the esophagus soon passed out through the wound; and the only way of sustaining him was by means of nutritious injection, until compresses and adhesive straps could be applied so as to retain his food."

"No sickness nor unusual irritation of the stomach, not even the slightest nausea, was manifest during the whole time; and after the fourth week the appetite became good, digestion regular, the alvine evacuations natural, and all the functions of the system perfect and healthy."

"By the adhesion of the sides of the protruded portions of the stomach to the pleura costalis and the external wound, a free exit was afforded to the contents of that organ, and effusion into the abdominal cavity was thereby prevented."

"Whenever the wound was dressed, the contents of the stomach would flow out in proportion to the quantity recently taken. If the stomach happened to be empty or nearly so, a partial inversion would take place, unless prevented by the application of the finger."

"The circumference of the external wound was at least twelve inches, and the orifice in the stomach nearly in the centre, two inches below the left nipple."

"To retain his food and drinks I kept a compress and tent of lint, fitted to the shape and size of the perforation, and confined there by adhesive straps."

"After trying all the means in my power for eight or ten months to close the orifice I gave it up as impracticable in any other way than that of incising and bringing together by sutures; an operation to which the patient would not submit."

"By the sloughing of the injured portion of the lung a cavity was left as large as a common sized teacup, from which continued a copious discharge of pus for three months. It then become filled with healthy granulations, firmly adhering to the pleura, and healed."

After this healing, an abscess formed two inches below the wound, which was laid open to the extent of three inches, and several shot and pieces of wad were extracted.

The patient suffered extremely by this abscess, sloughing of the parts, and by the extraction of pieces of ribs and cartilages. Probably not one man in a million, if wounded in a similar manner, would recover at all, or if he did recover would there be an opening left in the stomach like that of St. Martin's through which the processes of digestion could be watched.

In twelve months from the time of the injury the parts were all sound, leaving an opening in the side and stomach which was about two and a half inches in circumference. A small fold of the coats of the stomach appeared at the upper edge of the orifice, and continued to extend downward until it covered the opening, so as to obviate the necessity of a compress and bandage for retaining the contents of the stomach. Though this valve adapted itself to the orifice so as to prevent the efflux of the gastric contents when the stomach was full, it was, however, easily depressed with the finger.

When the stomach is empty, the interior of its cavity may be examined to the depth of five or six inches, if kept distended by artificial means, and food and drink may be seen entering through the ring of the esophagus. When entirely empty, the stomach contracting upon itself protrudes from the orifice as large as a hen's egg, unless it is held back by a compress. If he lies on his left side and sleeps for several hours without the compress, it will protrude to a still greater extent, and present a surface several inches in diameter.

In 1825, having fully recovered his health, Dr. Beaumont commenced his experiments on St. Martin, which continued, with great patience, for many months at a time, and these were not concluded till September, 1833. During the whole of these periods, from the Spring of 1824, and from the close of the experiments in 1833, to the present time, covering a term of thirty-two years, he has enjoyed general good health and constitutional soundness, with every function of the system in full force and vigour, and perhaps suffering much less from disease than most men of his circumstances in life. He has, indeed, been athletic and robust, labouring at the very hardest of work, eating and drinking like other healthy and active people.

The work of Dr. Beaumont, which records several hundred experiments, is really valuable to the world. The book, which sells at one dollar, is nearly out of print, and all the copies of which we have any knowledge are in our possession.

There is but one Niagara and one St. Martin, and when he passes away, the world never having seen one before, "will never look upon his like again."

He is of medium height, dark complexion, and remarkable for a wiry toughness of constitution. He has a hard, almost severe expression of countenance, owing, doubtless, to the fact of his sufferings. His firmness is very large, which, with his physical power, enabled him to endure so much pain without sinking under it.

Soon after he recovered from the accident, he married, and has had seventeen children, five of whom, with his wife, are now living. He is a man without education, and with but limited general information; has for years followed laborious occupations and when engaged to travel with Dr. Bunting, in whose care he now is, he was occupied in chopping wood at twenty-five cents a cord. Only to think of a man whose sufferings have yielded to the world so much knowledge of the laws of digestion and nutrition, being allowed to drag out his life at the age of fifty-two, supporting a family at such labour and with such small pay. Would it not be well for New York, Boston and Philadelphia to place the man and his family beyond the reach of want, and let him be seen by, and examined before all the medical classes in those cities every session while he lives. The world owes him a living, and we doubt not, if proper steps were taken, his future comfort and usefulness could be secured.

Dr. Bunting proposes to exhibit him to medical men in this country and in Europe, and to give lectures to popular audiences. We think however, St. Martin should not be obliged to leave family and country in order to secure a competency for his old age, when we have so many medical colleges and wealthy, liberal members of the profession who would cheerfully aid in his support.

ENGLISH LIFE IN INDIA.

In the last number of *The* (London) *Empire* we find the following journal, which, presuming it to be George Thompson's, we copy, with the certainty that it will be read with pleasure by his many friends in this country:

At 9 a. m., Jan. 23, started by railway (shades of all the Pharaohs!) for Cairo, and arrived at 4 p. m.

24th.—Spent from 6 a. m. to 4 p. m. in a survey of Cairo; and at 5 started by *bus* over the Desert to Suez.

25th.—At 9 a. m. reached the head of the Red Sea, and, instead of fighting with vermin at the hotel, went immediately on board the noble steamer riding at anchor three miles from the town, and in readiness for our departure.

25th to 31st.—On board the ——, anchored off Suez. You can conceive of no climate more exquisitely delicious than that of Egypt during this period. To live in it was the height of luxury and human enjoyment—a serene blue sky; the air mild and balmy; the blue sea; the two deserts (the Arabian and Egyptian), with their caravans of camels; the far distant mountains of Africa; the hallowed scenes of Mounts Sinai and Horeb, &c. &c. We were not idle; we went ashore in search of the gazelle. We set traps for hyænas; we visited the Valley of Encampment on one side, and, crossing where the sea disparted, drank water and reposed ourselves at the well of Moses on the other—the first encampment of the Israelites in Arabia—the spot on which Miriam sounded her timbrel, and sang the deliverance of Israel from the yoke. Our evenings were glorious. The company on board was small and select, being only those who had come *viâ* Marseilles. An awning over the quarter-deck protected us from the sun and the dew, and above or below we spent our time most agreeably. Many pleasant recollections have I of the Red Sea.

Feb. 25th.—At 3.30. cast anchor in the Hoogley a few miles below Calcutta. Ashore in Spence's Hotel at 7, the forty-fifth day from leaving Marseilles, nine days behind our average time.

My present residence is a spacious and splendid mansion, which I share with a native gentleman. I have a suite of rooms extending along one side of the building on the second floor. On the floor below me is a fine library of 5,000 and more volumes on law, science, theology, history, biography, travels, poetry, prose, works of fiction, &c. &c. Around on the outside is an extensive ornamental garden, with tanks, fountains, temples, and summer-houses. The smallest of the principal rooms is 45ft. by 30ft., the largest 60ft. by 40ft. No *walls* divide the rooms in this house. The partitions are either elegant lattice and Venitian work or drapery suspended between lofty columns. As neither reaches above nine feet in height, and the roof is not less than twenty-four, the full height, and length, and breadth of each floor is seen. The mansion is about 80ft. by 100 ft. from wall to wall, with lofty Grecian porticoes and terraces surrounding each story. The ground floor is a splendid entrance hall, paved with marble, and surrounded with massive columns. From this hall the stairs lead to the first floor, on which is a drawing-room, the library and billiard-room, with side apartments, for private reading, writing, or the reception of visitors. . . . . My friend and I rise at gun-fire, which is about half-past 5, when the first streak of dawn appears in the East. At 6 we salute each other in a morning room, take tea together, and gossip. At half-past 6 the morning papers are delivered, and I carry them to my apartments, leaving —— to hold his durbar or levee. We do not meet again till after business hours. Left to myself, I read the papers, then study what relates to my own affairs, then bathe, then dress for the morning, then breakfast alone, on fish, curry and rice, ommelette, dry toast, fresh butter, preserves, and delicious tea, with claret if I choose to call for it; then get into my carriage, and go to town, getting my business over so as to be back for tiffin, or lunch, when I take some bread and butter, some fruit, and a bottle of soda-water. I then retire to the library, and am quiet amongst the books till half-past 4. From nine till this hour, every Venitian is closed to exclude the sun, and you move about in a dim religious light, glad whenever you may sit down to have a punkah over your head to agitate the air, and throw upon you a refreshing breeze. But at half-past 4 the servants throw open every window, and you get up and move about. By 5, or half-past, you are ready for your afternoon drive. The carriage is at the door—it is an open one—and you proceed to mingle with the fashionable throng of the city on the strand or course, which is in the best part of Calcutta, by the side of the river, and is kept in fine order for carriages, being well watered against the hour when it is to become the *rendezvous* of the magnates of the Presidency. There is, besides, a beautiful park, in which equestrians, male and female, take their exercise. Six o'clock, or half-past, finds you turning towards home. The sun is set. The Hindoo temples are calling their worshippers to evening service; the lamps are being lighted. At home, your house is brilliantly illuminated within. You retire to your dressing-room, and soon reappear, ready for dinner. At 7.30 it is announced. The air is cool; the punkah waves above your head; the soup and first glass of wine revive you; conversation becomes animated; the curry is delicious; every drink is beautifully iced, and a lump of sparkling ice put into your wine-glass. The cloth is removed, and the hookah appears. Conversation is kept up till half-past ten. A magnificent self-acting organ, in a distant room, sends soothing strains to the ear. The hookahs are sent away; iced soda water is called for; the guests depart, and you retire to your own apartments. The house is still. In your rooms you find two mute servants to obey your signs. Lamps